FEBRUARY 1988

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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MONIKA: BANNED BY EAST GERMANS, LOVED BY AUSSIES

KATE CEBERANO STARTS TALKING

BIG BUCKS AUSSIE BASKETBALL

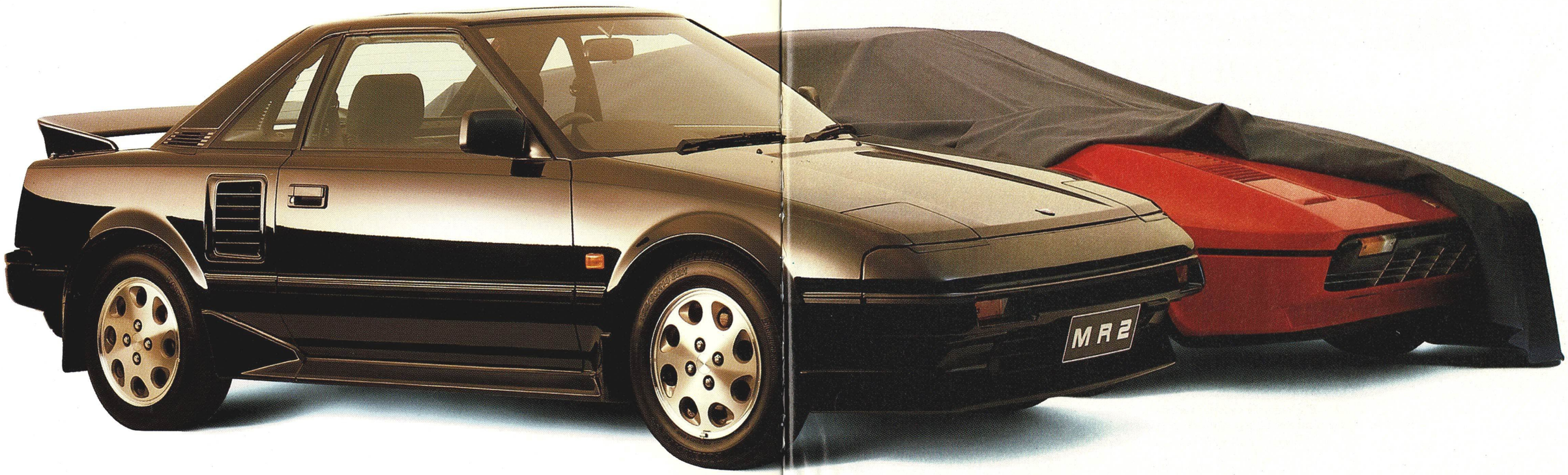
DID THE '60S SUCK?

KIM BASINGER PUTS SEX BACK IN THE CINEMA

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

THE RETURN OF THE MINISKIRT

New Toyota MR2. Its nearest competitor is $100,000 more.



Until now, sophisticated mid-engine Twin Cam multi valve sports cars have been the domain of an Italian marque.

The brilliant new MR2 has certainly changed that.

Because beneath all of the style, technology and sophistication is a true Toyota. So it's not only great value to begin with, it's built to stay that way.

Among its many accolades, MR2 has received Japanese Car of the Year, Motor Trend Import Car of the Year and voted one of the ten best cars in the world by Car and Driver Magazine.

Car and Driver also said "the MR2 has the soul of a Ferrari factored down to four-cylinder affordability."

American motoring authority, John Harter, was even more complimentary.

"The Japanese two-seater has more in common with the Ferrari than you might think. Its mid engine, with four valves per cylinder, is behind the seat, and the car has dynamite handling."

"The MR2 is actually a lot more fun to drive than a Testarossa."

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There's a seven-way adjustable sports driver's seat, leather-covered steering wheel and a superb audio system with a nine-band graphic equaliser.

And an ergonomic layout Car and Driver said was "the best in the industry."

While the MR2 is beautiful to look at, it will also play hard to get because it is being imported in limited numbers.

So be one of the lucky ones and see your Toyota Dealer quickly.

The new MR2. If Ferrari was going to build an affordable sports car, this could easily be it.

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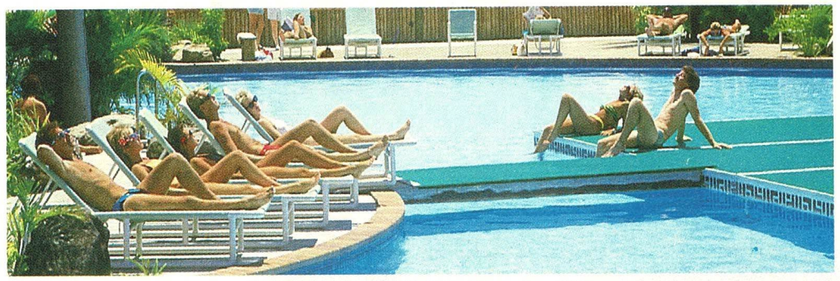

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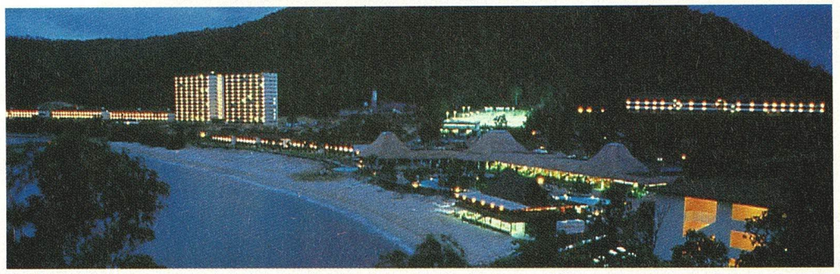

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PLAYBILL

Okay guys, now for some good news from the oft-times loopy world of fashion. That great invention of the 1960s, the miniskirt, is back in business with a vengeance. The mini is the best thing since long legs were invented and its disappearance during the past decade was cause for puzzlement and concern. Writer **Bruce Jay Friedman** has a humorous look at why the mini almost went the way of the dodo — and why it's back. Photographer **Arny Freytag** did the legwork with his lens.

Of course the mini wasn't the only important thing to come out of the '60s — there was. . . well, what was there? Just how important in the scheme of things were the 1960s? Writer **Harlan Ellison** ponders the question: did the '60s swing or did they suck? The snappy art is the work of Melbourne's **Clyde Terry** and his studio.

The dreaded AIDS has become the disease of the '80s. Millions of words have been written on the subject and most of those words have been hysterical and emotional rubbish. It's time to take a long look at how to survive in the age of AIDS and *Andromeda Strain* author **Michael Crichton** has done just that for us. If, like Crichton, you've suddenly become single and want to know if there's any hope for you in the love and lust stakes, then Crichton's article is compulsory reading. The illustration has been rendered by one of the masters of magazine art, **Will Northerner.**

The battle is now on for the title of Prince Of Pectorals and the two contenders are Arnold Schwarzenegger and Sylvester Stallone. We sent **Joan Goodman** to interview Schwarzenegger and what he has to say about Stallone isn't nice — essentially Arnold has no respect for Sly and the relationship between them is tense.

On the subject of tense relationships, a cold war has set in between this month's gorgeous *Playboy* model Monika Uhrig and the East German government. Monika hails from East Berlin; when she insisted she wanted to visit Australia the authorities told her she could go but would never be able to return home. We tell Monika's dramatic story and Queensland photographer **David Marshall** captures some of her finer charms which, we're sure you'll agree, definitely are the Eastern bloc's loss. Another beautiful woman to grace *Australian Playboy* this month is one of cinema's sexiest sizzlers, Kim Basinger, who began as a Bond girl and has gone on to star with some of Hollywood's greatest hunks.

Melbourne-based singer Kate Ceberano is rapidly gaining a reputation as one of Australia's finest singers. Male fans have long known she's one of the sexiest women to grace our stages and this month Kate talks to contributing editor **Rennie Ellis** about her career.

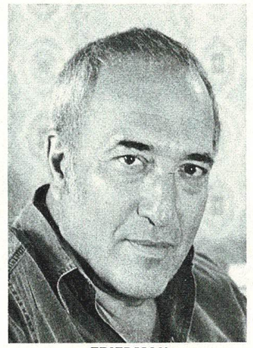
We sent writer **E. Jean Carroll** to the wilds of New Guinea where she found her idea of one hell of a man, and indeed, several of them. She came away from the jungle island convinced it was earth's last bastion of the noble savage. Her unusual, highly readable story is superbly illustrated by **Charles Walker.**

The experts say Australian cricket is well on its way to recovery while VFL football is having its attendance problems, but the boom sport of '88 is basketball. We commissioned Australia's hottest basketball writer, award-winning journalist **Bret Harris**, to investigate the boom and report why everybody's talking slam dunk.

In keeping with *Australian Playboy*'s tradition of publishing some of the world's best fiction writers, this month we bring you a quirky story from the pen of **Andre Dubus.** His story is beefed up with some classy artwork by **Phyllis Bramson.**

Having got through all that lot, settle down and read our regular features. Fashion expert **Vitek** looks at the latest in sunglasses and "disposable" watches, and motoring editor **Rob Luck** takes a two-seater tar-burner, the Toyota MR2, for a quick spin. And this month we kick off a new section, On The Scene, which looks at what's happening where and who's making it happen.

So what are you waiting for? Start reading.



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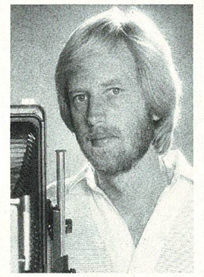

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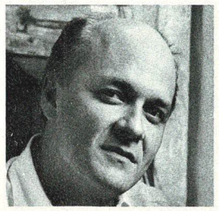

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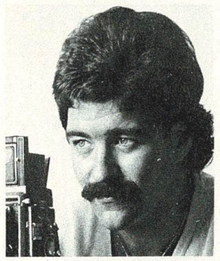

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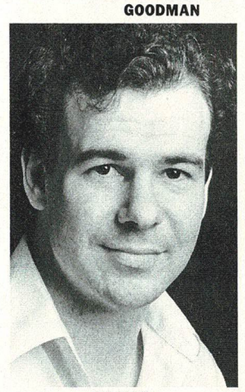

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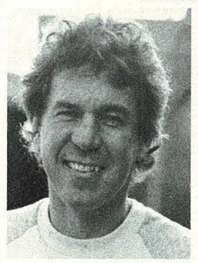

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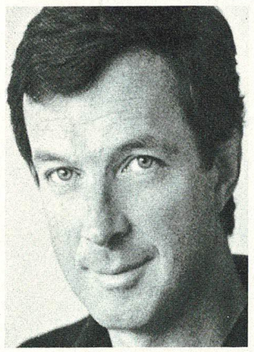

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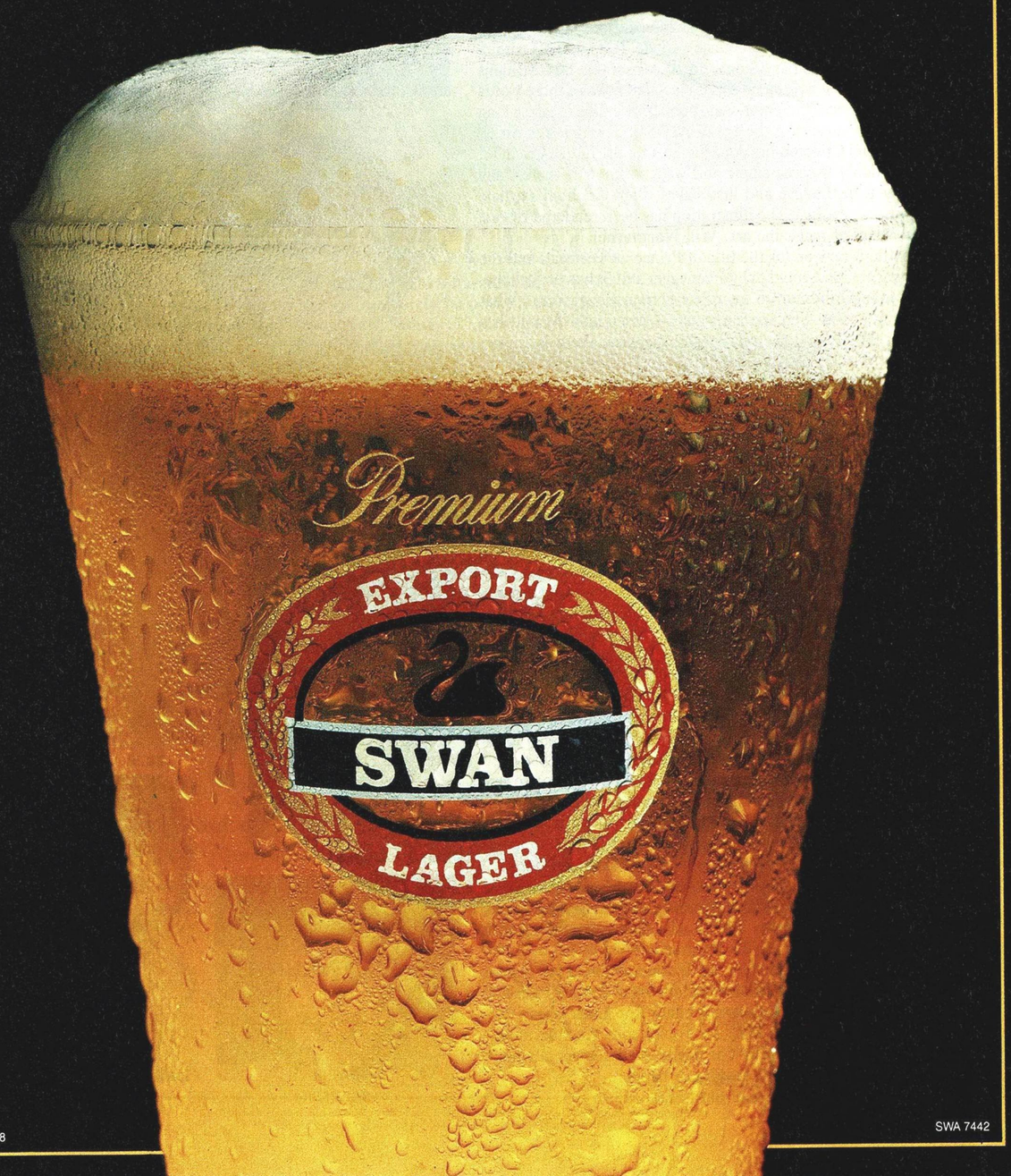

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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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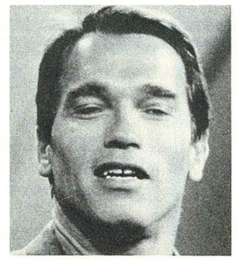

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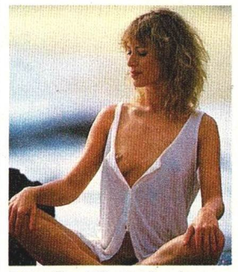

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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HARD CELL

Why doesn't *Australian Playboy* tackle issues such as the Victorian prison system and the conditions that we prisoners must live in? We all know in here that we deserve to be punished. But is it right for officers, governors etc etc to bash, molest and sell drugs such as heroin, cocaine and spirits to inmates?

I don't think it's right but people turn their backs on my views — in their eyes I'm just a low-down scumbag because I'm a criminal.

But do you have any idea what happens to us in here? I first went to jail when I was sixteen and a half years old. By the time I was 18, I was in maximum security B division and H division, and I was being bashed with batons, stripped naked, put in an alleyway and almost drowned with a high pressure water hose. Now is that any way to treat a person of my age? Have you ever seen young offenders pack-raped with their heads stuck in vices? This is no imaginary rave on my behalf — it's real life in prison and it does happen. Have you ever woken up and seen your best mate hanging from the bars in your cell? I suppose not. So have a heart and conscience and do something about prison conditions.

John Cumberland,
Beechworth, Vic.

We've tackled quite a few prison issues over the past few years, and hopefully there'll be more to come. Possibly some of the most provocative comments on the prison system were published in our Norm Gallagher interview, Playboy August '87 — Ed.

MAKING WAVES

Ever heard of a person losing their job from reading *Australian Playboy*? I drive a ferry on the Hawkesbury and every time I open *Australian Playboy* I get too absorbed to slow down at the other side! After being warned by the boss I've decided I'd better give up reading while I'm driving, which is too bad because your articles sure made this job enjoyable.

Thanks for a great magazine. And please, do not reveal my identity for fear of losing my job.

Anon.,
Sydney, NSW.

BERG'S-EYE VIEW

I have just finished reading your August issue and, as usual, I'm impressed by what I've seen, especially when I saw Carmen Berg in all her splendor. She is one hot 19-year-old and I would love to get my mitts on her gorgeous body. The shots were really teasing and Pompeo Posar should be proud of his photography. Great stuff, *Australian Playboy*, I love it.

D.R.,
East Fremantle, WA.

BROODING OVER BRUNETTES

Blokes go berserk over blondes, and rave about redheads, but for my money you can't go past brunettes. So it was great to see Susanne Koyen star as the *Australian Playboy* centrefold. The fact that she lists John Farnham as her favorite performer makes her an even better bet in my book.

Paul McP.,
Stawell, Vic.

MOVING EXPERIENCE

Hey, you guys, how do you keep doing it? Where do you find such magnificent women as your centrefold, Susanne Koyen? She's foxy, fellas! How about publishing some more photos of her? If you don't I'm going to move to Antarctica where at least I'll be guaranteed all the cold showers I need to maintain my, er, dignity.

John S.,
Norwood, SA.

Here's a good reason to stay in town, John: one more photo of Susanne Koyen — Ed.

BRAIN FOOD

I have just received my first copy of *Australian Playboy*. A running battle with my wife was finally resolved with the purchase. She believed that it was just a girlie magazine, brim-full of lovely ladies in erotic poses. Not so, I countered, the ladies only account for about 25 percent of the magazine's content.

We purchased the magazine together and breezed through the contents page. I won the battle apparently but think I lost anyway.

She agrees with me that there are interesting articles with the girls as an added bonus. Unfortunately I now have to wait my turn before I can read it.

I am told that the articles on Dick Smith and Bon Jovi (October 1987) are particularly interesting!

Frank Gilling,
Mt Pleasant, Qld.

TENTSION

While on a camping trip recently, though roughing it, I did not neglect to include my copy of *Australian Playboy*. By the end of the trip I had thoroughly read the magazine. I was a little disappointed the irresistible blonde gracing the cover (September 1987) did not appear elsewhere in the issue. What are the chances of an encore from this beauty? However, I soon overcame my disappointment. Thank you for an excellently compiled magazine.

D. McK.,
Eatons Hill, Qld.

ROCK ON

We really appreciated your story on Bon Jovi (October 1987) as we just saw the band live two weeks ago on the Brisbane leg of their *Slippery When Wet* tour.

Thanks for an amazing insight.

C.J.B.,
Hendra, Queensland.

THE WHEEL THING

I chanced upon the December 1986 issue of *Australian Playboy* and read the article on the Toyota twin cam 3000. This is one of the best motoring articles I've come across, and I thank you for what is a rarity these days, an informed feature on motoring.

Chandra Pillay,
Naitaga, Ba. Fiji Islands.

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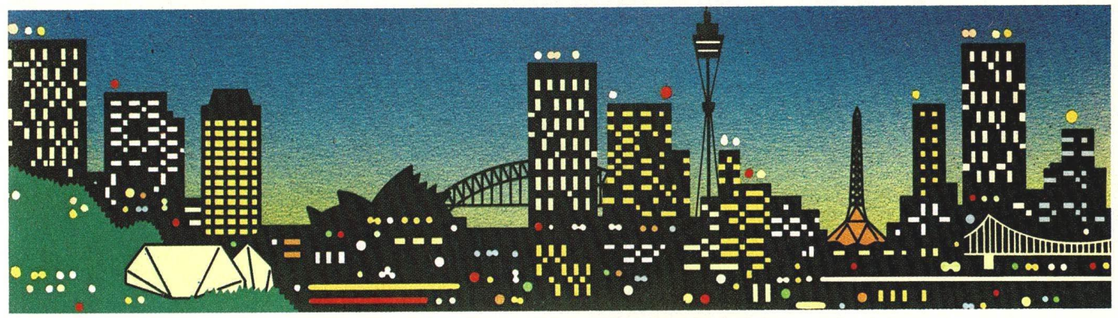


CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTS DOWN

If these aren't mitigating circumstances, well we don't know what are! In a London court last year the jury heard that the accused might have taken part in 25 successful armed robberies, but he was the junior partner in the crimes and always took great care to avoid being seen on the security cameras.

"However," declared his counsel, "when he and the man who led him astray, Mr John Georgan, were robbing a bank in Islington, Mr Georgan's trousers fell down, and as he was holding a shotgun in one hand and a hold-all full of money in the other, my client rushed forward and, while pulling up Georgan's trousers, was captured on video tape."

Apart from anything else he deserves some consideration for sparing the blushes of the female tellers, not to mention all the little old ladies cashing their pension cheques.

SEWER-CIDE?

Melbourne's Yarra river has long been a cause for concern because of the garbage which the worthy citizens of the southern metropolis insist on dropping into its murky depths.

Latest to raise his voice in criticism is Charles Treleaven, curator of the Melbourne Maritime Museum, who complained that the good ship *Polly Woodside*, a major tourist attraction, lay amid dead rats and cats, old condoms, plastic bottles, sewage and other unspeakable stuff.

"People in Melbourne are just a scruffy mob," he said. "They use the Yarra as a sewer. A few weeks ago they even caught a dead prostitute in the boom at Burnley."

We must say we draw the line at dropping our dead prostitutes in the river with our garbage.

HABEAS CORPUS

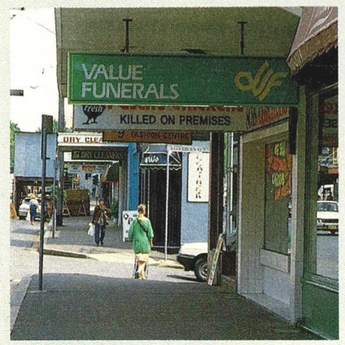
But the question is, which corpus? Rabbis who were removing a corpse from a coffin in Jerusalem got quite a shock when they found it contained a nun (dead, thank God). What they were expecting was the body of a wealthy businessman which was apparently awaiting burial by the nun's Christian order.

Still, if the rabbis were surprised, just imagine the reaction of the mother superior. A dead nun in a nice clean habit is one thing, but circumcised businessmen with all their dirty habits is something quite different.

CALL AA! (ACRONYMICS ANONYMOUS)

First there were YUPPIES (Young Urban Professionals). Now there are OINKS (One Income, No Kids) And DINKS (Double Income, No Kids). It appears that this Cutesy Acronymical Stereo-Typing (CASTING) by Marketing Agency Dolts (MADS) may never end. So we've expanded the concept to include even more demographic types of the '80s. Try these on for size:

PINKS — Private Income, No Kids; NINKS — No Income, Nine Kids; DUDS — Demographically Undesirable Divorcees; SLIFS — Still Living In The '50s; SLITS — Still Living In the '60s; SHITS — Surburban Heterosexuals In Town To Swing. CANTS — Corporate Animals, No Talent; SIMPS — Sexually Inactive Male Professionals; MIDGETS — Mentally Inferior Divorced Guys Expecting Terrific Sex; RUGS — Rich Ugly Guys; DRUGS — Dumb Rich Ugly Guys; SACS — '60s Acid Casualties; YANKS — Young Arseholes, No Kids; NERDS — Nervous Evangelicals, Recently Defrocked; SOB — Son Of The Boss; CPA — Car Phone Arsehole; WIGGS — Women Into Gay Guys; BICEPS — Bisexual College-Educated Professionals; AWOLS — Always Working Out At Lunch; SLIMES — Single Lawyers Into Money And Exercise; RAMBOS — Rightwingers Afraid Of Mexicans, Blacks And Orientals.



WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE?
We know there's big money in the funeral business these days, but in Sydney's Crown Street they do seem to have let their enthusiasm run away with them! Macabre juxtaposition captured by John Knight.

IT'S QUICKER BY BIKE

We know that motorists are prejudiced against cyclists but enough is enough! Recently the current world cycling champion Martin Vinnicombe went for his driving licence but was failed for reversing into an illegal area when he obeyed the examiner's instruction to reverse into a driveway. A few weeks later he tried again, but this time he was smart enough to refuse when given the same instruction. To no avail, however, for a dispute ensued, with the tester arguing that Vinnicombe should do as he was told, and flunking him anyway.

He's hoping for third time lucky. Most cyclists will wonder why he's bothering.

TROUBLESOME MEMBERS?

Nude World magazine has a lot to answer for, if the secretary of the Onslow Nudist Association in the Old Dart is to be believed. Mrs Janet Willant, an antique restorer of Tatton Mere, leaped to her members' defence recently, describing them as "not the kind of people who go looking for trouble".

"*Nude World* announced that Ferry Bay, near Weston, had become a nudist-approved location," she said. "Our society decided to pay it an early visit — on opening day, in fact. About 30 of us gathered in the dunes above the sand, took off our clothes, and then ran together down onto the beach.

"Much to our surprise there were a lot of non-nudists about and they began to chase us away. Some of our members ran into the sea and some stayed put. It was very chaotic. Finally the police arrived and it seems that *Nude World* had got the wrong beach."

Whereupon the members were obliged to cover their members.

As rare as the stripes...

'pure beer'

Ogilvy MCB 0009 APB 6420-A

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

The other day my wife and I had this terrible fight and she ended up telling me I have never satisfied her in bed. She reckons I have always been a dud lover, says I just fumble around and never seem to turn her on properly. I suppose I had realised that things weren't too hot in that department. I wasn't all that experienced before we married but she'd never complained before. It makes me feel pretty stupid not knowing what to do and ever since I have felt really self-conscious when we have tried to have sex. I don't really know what to do about it. I do try different things occasionally but they don't seem to do much for her.

— J.L., Qld.

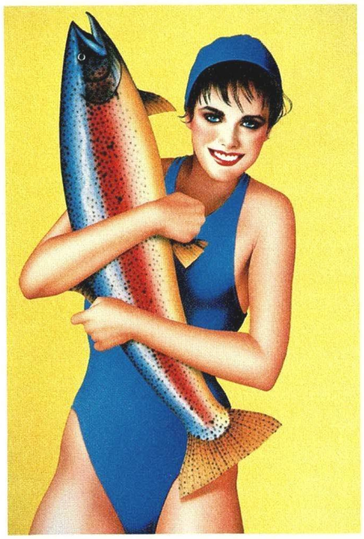
It is really not fair for a woman to accuse a man of not satisfying her if she is not prepared to teach him what she wants. You say you try things but they don't seem to work. It sounds very much as if your wife is simply lying back expecting you to magically turn her on without giving you any guidance as to the type of stimulation she finds most arousing. Many women are still locked into the idea that the male should know what to do. ("If he *really* loved me, he'd just know . . . ") and hence they simply become angry with the man when they fail to receive the pleasure they expect. Perhaps your wife doesn't really know how she would like to be made love to. In this case you need to embark on a voyage of sexual discovery, where you try out different types of stimulation, but this time with your wife guiding you, telling you when something is feeling good, guiding your hand to the right place, or controlling the movements during intercourse so that she can explore what feels best for her.

Perhaps you would like to show her your letter with my reply and use it as a basis for planning a new approach to your lovemaking. It may also be that she is worried that she is not responding — perhaps she has never climaxed and is taking out her anxiety on you because she is afraid there is something wrong with her. Neither of you should worry that you haven't managed to awaken her sexual response at this stage. It is very common for young women to take time to learn to relax and discover what they enjoy. But this will never happen if she keeps blaming you for what's not happening, rather than the two of you working together to achieve a fulfilling sexual relationship and happier marriage.

I am 19 and I am into a really heavy relationship with this girl whom I both love and respect. I've tried making love with her many times, but every time my penis bends out because it is too large. When I was younger, I used to place my penis between my scrotum and underpants (which I still do now) which has caused a slight bend. Could this be the cause of our problem?

— W.D., NSW.

I doubt that your difficulties with intercourse have anything to do with the bend in your penis. As I have explained many times in this column, it is very common for a penis to have a slight bend in one direction or the other. It is only when the curvature starts to increase dramatically (as a result of Peyronies disease) that this should



be any cause for concern. Vaginas are very versatile organs and can adapt to accommodate an amazing range of penile shapes and sizes — provided they are treated properly.

That's where I suspect you are making your mistake. It is most likely that your penis is falling out during intercourse, not because it is bent, not because it is too big (which seems to be every man's favorite fantasy — the taut, straining vagina struggling to cope with his massive missile), but rather because your girlfriend's perfectly adequate, well-designed vagina has not been well enough prepared to receive you. Let me assure you that mankind has yet to produce a penis which is too large for the vagina. Women are designed to allow the passage of babies, heads, shoulders and all, through the vagina. Take a look the next time you get near a newborn baby and I am sure you will agree that your penis doesn't quite reach those dimensions. The muscles surrounding the vagina are designed to stretch, and the vagina walls, which are normally relaxed together like a deflated balloon, are designed to expand and balloon out away from the penis. The vagina produces its own lubrication which is designed to allow the penis to just slip right inside. But all of this will only happen if the woman is fully prepared. She must be aroused, relaxed and ready to receive you — and *she* is the only one who can say when she reaches this point.

You need lots, and I mean *lots* of foreplay, to reach the stage where this is likely to happen — particularly in a young woman who presumably has not had much previous experience. If she is a virgin, it may be that you are running into some problems with the hymen and are not managing to fully penetrate. You should be able to tell if this is the case through feeling her vaginal entrance with your fingers, or having a look. It isn't such a strange idea to look — the better you know her body, the easier it will be for you to learn to arouse her properly. I would advise any man attempting to make love with a virgin to use fingers to arouse and explore the vagina before attempting to insert the penis. It is a crazy idea that the penis has to be the first thing to go near that virgin territory.

It is in fact pretty unlikely that the hymen is presenting a problem (see a doctor if you suspect this is the case). Most girls these days do not have an intact hymen at first intercourse — the use of tampons is making such problems much less common. What is more likely is that because your girlfriend is tense and unaroused, her vaginal muscles are tensing up and making it hard for you to penetrate fully. So concentrate on increasing her arousal, helping her to relax, and then I would suggest you might try a position with her squatting over you, slowly and very carefully lowering herself on to your erect penis. In this way she will be able to control what's happening to her and proceed at her own pace until she feels comfortable with full penetration. The man-on-top missionary position is a bad one to use for first penetration — particularly when you are having problems with lots of hit and miss fumbling in the dark. In your case, there's been more hit than miss so far but I am sure that will quickly be rectified if you change your approach as described. Good luck, and don't forget to enjoy yourselves!

A bit of information, please. I am 21 years old and have been a marijuana smoker for two years. I am concerned whether smoking the drug will have any effect on the feeling that

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I should encounter when climaxing? Does it affect the sperm in any way? Will it have any effect on my sex life at all?

— C.P., NSW.

I am not aware of any detailed research investigating the effects on orgasmic sensations of marijuana use. Most of the literature relies on anecdotal reports and there you find there is a great variation in reported effects — some people, particularly females, do report more powerful and pleasurable orgasms, but this certainly does not apply to all marijuana users. Some report decreased sexual desire, and less sexual response. However there is alarming research showing that marijuana can affect hormonal balance during puberty and it is believed this could have permanent effects on fertility, particularly in males. Sperm production may be impaired and ongoing research shows some possibility of genetic damage to future children. The earlier you start smoking, the more likely it is that there will be hormonal changes. As you smoke the drug you also increase your risks of lung cancer — a joint of marijuana carries 20 times as much risk of lung cancer as does smoking a cigarette and there are increased dangers of heart disease, emphysema and various other problems. There is also research suggesting there may be effects on brain cells.

It doesn't look good, does it? Let's face it, smoking dope isn't a great idea. Good health is probably the greatest asset we can have and it seems crazy to continue with a habit which could so easily undermine it. I would also think very carefully about the fertility implications. I am sure you have read about the heartbreak involved.

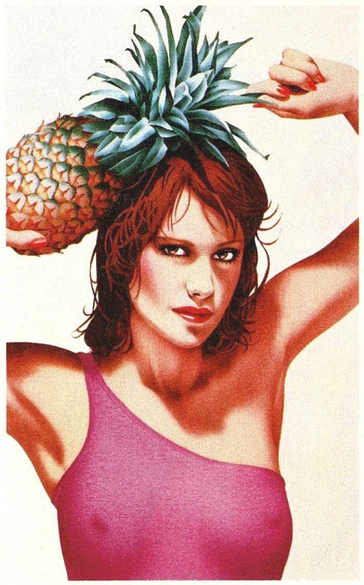
A TASTE OF THE SECRET GARDEN

Many years ago, when I was editor of *Forum* magazine, I had a fascinating conversation with Anne Hooper who was then editing *Forum* in England. She had just returned from a trip to San Francisco and told me all about her visit to the Secret Garden, a unique pleasuring service for women run by Ray Stubs, a former sociologist who had become an expert in massage. Ray and his partner Walter Wilding offer an extraordinary sensuous service for women — up to five hours of pampering and pleasuring with the two men bathing and feeding her, and catering to her every whim. Anne talked in glowing terms of the experience — champagne, fur mitts, peacock feathers — but no explicit sex.

Reading the article describing her visit some time later I could see why she was so bowled over: sharing a bath with two naked men who anointed her with bath oils and soap suds while she sat sipping champagne; being fed grapes one by one; having her feet massaged for what seemed like hours; one man soaping her thighs while the other kissed her neck. And then to the bedroom where four hands massaged her, using oils, feathers and the fur mitt. Incense, soft music — the way she described it was enough to inspire erotic fantasies in any warm-blooded woman.

For all you guys wondering whether women are really interested in what you probably regard as just foreplay, let me assure you that there are many, many women who would adore the idea of just being pampered. It doesn't always have to lead on to having sex. In fact many women complain to me that although they have as much sex as they could possibly want, what they miss out on is precisely this type of experience — the opportunity of just lying back and being touched and caressed, without any need to reciprocate. Total selfish bliss — and I am sure many would be willing to pay for it.

Meanwhile, there is now a do-it-yourself version for those who prefer to confine such pleasures to home base. *The Sensuous Lover's Guide* was written by Ray Stubs to teach couples how to make their lovemaking more sensuous and pleasurable. It is an excellent little book, simply written and crammed with detailed, unusual suggestions for both



men and women. Perhaps you would like to try some of the following:

***Pleasure-mapping** involves an exploration of different types of touches all over your lover's body. . . her fingernails across his shoulders, her hair brushing over his buttocks, his tongue between her toes. The couple take it in turns to be explored and the recipient has to respond to each touch from "plus three" for a great sensation, through "zero" for neutral to "minus three" for an unpleasant or irritating feeling. And so you progress until you have a pleasure map to your lover's body.

***Pleasurable Protuberance.** This falls in the section on oral massage and according to Stubs is perfect for very small appendages such as a fingertip, the clitoris, a nipple, or an earlobe: "Focus your lips around a selected protuberance, and suck the flesh into your mouth. Then, while maintaining a gentle suction, squeeze your lips and tongue together to push the protuberance outwards. Continue the in-and-out movement without releasing the suction or contact." Got it? Oh yes, Stubs warns not to suck too loudly on earlobes because the resulting noise can be somewhat unpleasant!

***The Voluptuous Vulva.** This involves using a series of strokes along the entire length of each outer vaginal lip, and then each inner lip. Note: for all genital massage it is recommended that you use a massage oil, preferably a natural, no-fragrance vegetable oil from a health food shop or else one of the water-soluble lubricating jellies available from chemists. And watch those fingernails. They should be smooth and not very long: "With a thumb on one side of a lip and an index finger on the other, gently squeeze and slide off the edge of the lip. To maintain a continuous sensation, alternate your hands in the stroking." It is suggested that you ask for feedback during this one and if the stroking is causing discomfort, try stroking in a slightly different direction using less pressure.

***The Juicer.** Finally, here are one or two of Ray Stubs's special suggestions for handling the penis. First the Juicer: "This is sort of like squeezing your own orange juice with one of those old-fashioned, pre-electric hand juicers. Your left hand gently stretches the foreskin down along the shaft. Next your right-hand finger pads encircle the head of the penis and slide up and down along the length of the head while the fingers rotate back and forth. Vary the press and ask your lover what feels best."

***The Countdown.** This one is for ladies who like to use rhythm: "Alternating your hands and using plenty of oil, start with 10 strokes up the penis, 10 strokes down the penis, nine strokes up, nine strokes down, eight strokes up, all the way down to one. To make the strokes even more erotic, use syncopation in rhythm. Rather than stroking with an even beat as in a military march (1-2-3-4-5-6), jazz it up with an uneven beat like this: 1-2--3-4--5-6. The sensations of this stroke can be fantastic on both a flaccid and an erect penis. When the penis is erect or semi-erect, your thumb and fingers surround the shaft on both the up and down movements. When the penis is flaccid or semi-flaccid, your hands surround the penis on the up movement. Then for the down movement, place the penis against his lower abdomen and slide your palms downwards along the underneath side of the shaft. In both situations, remember to alternate one hand after the other.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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MONEY

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THE GENTLE ART OF CAR BUYING

Financial writer Andrew Tobias has come up with a way to shave a few extra dollars off the cost of your next car. When you go to buy, ask a lot of questions about dealer finance. Find out the interest rate, the monthly payments and whether the instalments can be debited directly from your bank account. In other words, appear eager to finance the car with the dealer. Because finance is a profitable item for car dealers (they make at least as much on the finance they sell as on options such as air-conditioning or a stereo tape deck), you should be able to get the sale price down by at least $100. When you reach a mutually agreed upon price — when it is too late for the salesman to back out — tell him that you have reconsidered and will pay cash. If you haven't got the cash, you can always search around for a cheaper source of finance. Dealers rarely offer the lowest rates.

The same ploy can also be used with car insurance. Dealers who sell car insurance are paid hefty commissions for their trouble. A salesman who thinks that you are going to buy insurance from him may sweeten the deal by $50 to $100. Lead him on, take the discount, but avoid the insurance. A survey by *The Sydney Morning Herald* found that insurance arranged through car dealers is usually more expensive than insurance purchased from large companies. For example, a dealer quoted a premium of $700 on a 1984 Ford Laser he was selling for $9000. The NRMA price was $609 for the same car. Interestingly, when informed of this difference, the dealer offered to reduce the premium to $588!

Feigning interest in finance or insurance may sound a bit underhanded but salesmen have been known to pull a trick or two of their own, so why shouldn't you?

WRETCHED EXCESSES

Searching for just the right gift for someone near and dear? You may wish to consult the mail-order catalogue published by the opulent American department store, Nieman-Marcus (also known as "Needless Markup"). In addition to the usual ties, shirts, jackets and shoes, a recent catalogue featured a pair of alligator jeans for $A13,700 and a Russian lynx coat for $A404,000 (plus postage). But if you are looking for something extra special, how about a "once in a lifetime day at the circus"? For a mere $A6757, you can give someone a day with the Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey Circus. Your friend will participate in the opening parade, cavort with the clowns, ride elephants and even learn to walk a (low) wire. He will also receive a special set of costumes and 25 complimentary tickets so that his family and friends can come and watch him play. One catch — the recipient cannot be very young (although he can be a child at heart).

BETTING ON BREAKDOWNS

It is becoming increasingly common for appliance companies to offer consumers service contracts. For a fixed annual fee, they will repair your oven, fridge, microwave, or whatever, every time it breaks down. Service contracts are like insurance. When you buy a contract, you are betting that your appliances will break down. The company, on the other hand, is wagering that your appliances will make it through the year intact. Who do you think is more likely to know the odds, you or them? Do you think companies would even sell these contracts if they

were not profitable? They know that most people who sign up each year never use the service. You will come out ahead by taking your chances; service contracts are rarely worth while.

NEWS FROM THE SOMETHING-FOR-NOTHING CROWD

There is nothing quite so creative as the mind of a confidence trickster. Just when you think that every possible scam that can be done has been done, a new one crops up. The victims of the latest scheme all received mailings containing computer-generated, personalised letters ("I promise you **Mr Gregory**, you will be pleased **Mr Gregory** and so will the other members of the **Gregory** family . . . ") and glossy brochures depicting exotic far-away places. The pitch was simple: for a small joining fee of $50, the recipient would be entitled to discount air fares and other bargains on their next package holiday. Those who paid their money found that holidays were always fully booked on the dates they could travel. A few persistent customers actually made bookings but found that hotel prices were so inflated that they negated the discount received on the air fares. Once again, the gullible learn the hard way — if it sounds too good to be true, it almost certainly is.

WHO'S INTERESTED?

According to a well-known financial adviser, anyone with $5000 languishing in a savings account should take advantage of the higher rates being offered as "introductory offers" by some banks. For example, Citibank ("the world's leading bank") recently offered 15 percent *per annum* interest on deposits made into its cash management account. This was considerably higher than the 11.75 percent paid by most savings institutions, including Citibank itself. There was, however, a catch. The high interest rate would only be paid for 30 days, after which the rate would revert to the standard 11.75 percent.

Suppose you had done as the adviser suggested. Your $5000 would have earned you $61.50 interest during the 30 days. The same amount in a standard account would have earned $48.50. So, by moving your money, you earned an extra $13, which amounts to around $8 after tax and the Medicare levy. Deduct transportation costs between your old bank and Citibank and you are left with, say, $6. Remember, this is a one-time profit, not a monthly occurrence. So the adviser has shown you how to make an extra $6 over the course of a year, or about 12 cents per week.

Twelve cents per week for the inconvenience of moving your money into an account which charges $3 each for more than four withdrawals per month, and which lacks the vast branch network of most large banks. Why bother? The moral is clear. If all you have is $5000, don't worry about expert financial advice. Put your money in an investment savings account at your local bank or building society and leave it there.

WHEN THE WHOLE IS LESS THAN THE SUM OF ITS PARTS

A survey conducted by the AAMI insurance company revealed that a Toyota Corolla which sells for $16,475 new costs $30,778 to build from dealer-provided spare parts. It seems that an ailing car industry has found a way to keep its income up: go easy on the customer but sock it to the insurance company whenever a car is involved in an accident. — SETH GREGORY

ILLUSTRATION BY AMANDA UPTON

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WOMEN

Power is not a male-female thing in a relationship, it's wielded by those who seem most dependent.

Do men need women more than women need men? Ever since recent history, when women reached a tenuous form of financial independence, we've all been asking ourselves who needs who more.

Come with me, I'm going to go all over town to eavesdrop on scenes between couples, between friends, and see how they grapple with the question.

Scene one: A well-appointed dining room, where an eminent physicist is having dinner with his new wife, a part-time sweater designer.

WIFE: Well of course men need women more than we need them. That's what I think. Let me give you some wine, sweetheart.

HUSBAND: [*turning pale*] I knew it! I knew we never should have got married! Don't try and kid me, what you really want is a career. I'm suffocating you. You'd give all this up in a second for a contract with David Jones'. Oh, what a mistake we've made!

WIFE: You don't know me at all, darling. I'm devoted to you. I'd do anything for you. You're the love of my life. You're my big, strong, great, wonderful man. I cook for you, iron your shirts, try and make you happy in every way I can.

HUSBAND: Oh, I guess you're going to treat me like a baby now.

WIFE: Angel, all men are babies. And the sooner they know that, the better it will be for both sexes.

Scene two: Girlfriend, a chef, is stalking through the living room as boyfriend, a carpenter, is prostrate on the sofa.

GIRLFRIEND: I'm tired of being the boss. Why can't you keep your end up? Do the dishes? Pay some of the rent, the phone bill, something?

BOYFRIEND: I don't want to talk about this. I'm tired of this.

GIRLFRIEND: You're tired? What about me? What about my needs? We don't have any fun anymore. I have to do everything. Please, please, go see a psychiatrist or something.

BOYFRIEND: I don't want to. I'm fine. I'm going out now.

GIRLFRIEND: Where are you going? When will you be back?

Scene three: Sam and Gloria, two close friends, are finishing lunch at a pastel-hued restaurant.

SAM: My relationships are always about me trying to *save someone.* I can't imagine romance without that element.

GLORIA: So you think men need women more?

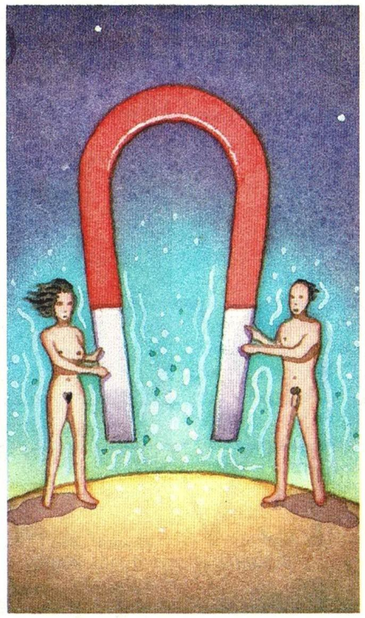
SAM: That's not a question that can be answered. Here's a cup of tea. Does the tea need the cup more? Or does the cup need the tea more? You need both to have a cup of tea.

GLORIA: Ridiculous. If the cup didn't surround the tea, nurture it, envelop it, hold the tea inside of it, the tea would spill all over the table and on our laps and we'd have to get our clothes dry-cleaned. Tea has no shape without a cup. But a cup is always a cup. And if it wants to, it can have coffee instead.

SAM: You're not at all well.

Scene four: Husband and wife, he works, she doesn't, married for 10 years, in the bedroom at 3am.

WIFE: I just need my space, that's all. You know I love you, but I want to move out for a while.



HUSBAND: You can't move out, you silly bitch! Who would buy you your fur coats, your $200 shoes?

WIFE: I used to support you, you seem to forget that.

HUSBAND: For about three months when we were 19.

WIFE: I want to find myself. I can't find myself when I'm looking for your socks all the time.

HUSBAND: You're having an affair. Admit it, you're having an affair! Who is it? It's Max, isn't it?

WIFE: It isn't Max.

HUSBAND: Who, then?

WIFE: You don't know him.

HUSBAND: I'll kill you if you leave me. I might kill you anyway.

Scene five: Laurie and Tina are working out in a gym.

LAURIE: So then he tells me he slept with her. I can't believe it. How could he do this to me? I know how he could do this to me. I gave him the weapon myself. I once told him about Peter, who broke my heart by sleeping around. The bastard, the creep!

TINA: Listen, you want him, you've got him. You have the total power in this relationship. It's your apartment, your friends, your life. You've got him by the balls and if you thought about it for a moment you'd know it. Of course he'll sleep around, it's the only way he can pretend his life is his own.

LAURIE: Do you have a valium? I'm so crazed I may jump out the window.

Scene six: Clarice, a potter, and Ken, a musician, are having drinks in a pub.

CLARICE: Darling, do you think we could give it another try?

KEN: Does this mean you want to have sex with me now?

CLARICE: Not at this very second, dear, but yes, I do think it might be nice if you moved out of the spare room. The children would like it.

KEN: To what do I owe this astounding piece of luck?

CLARICE: Don't be sarcastic. I don't really know myself. It's just that since I've sold all those pots I seem to suddenly adore you all over again.

KEN: Let's take a room in a hotel. Right now.

CLARICE: Okay.

After witnessing the above scenes and similar others, I have come up with one of my theories, and I'm very fond of it:

Need has nothing to do with gender, and things, as usual, are the opposite of what they seem. It is, in fact, the bullies, the ones who need control, the ones who take care of their mates, who are the neediest. The dependent ones, the ones who apparently need taking care of, male or female, are the ones with the power in the final analysis.

Seventeen psychologists would come up with seventeen reasons for this phenomenon, I'm sure. Here are a few of my own.

Perhaps the persons being cared for are so resentful at their lack of independence that eventually they have to get out, and feel much better when they summon up the courage to make the break.

Maybe controlling types can't face their own neediness and must transfer it to their mates, and then identify so much with these mates that they'd be shattered without them in a dependent position.

Or maybe life is just one cosmic joke after another.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL

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MEN

If you think you're not defensive about your sexuality, try the Universal Male Lechery Test.

Okay, men, before you do anything else, please take the following true-false test. It's simple and quick, and I promise you'll learn something about yourself:

1. I rarely get an erection. T F
2. If I ever do get an erection, I usually don't notice it. T F
3. If I do notice it, I don't do anything about it and it goes away soon. T F
4. If it doesn't go away, I simply shrug and whistle a happy tune. T F
5. Sensuality repels me. T F
6. My interest in women is spiritual, not physical. T F
7. If a beautiful woman asked me to make love to her, I'd call the police. T F
8. If the police were busy and she was pushy, I'd run away. T F
9. If she ran after me, I'd scream for my mummy and hide. T F
10. Every day in every way I'm growing less and less lecherous. T F

Let's call this the Universal Male Lechery Test. Were you honest while you were answering it? How many "false" responses did you give? Ten out of ten? I'd bet the farm you came close to that number. I know I did. Now let's try an experiment. Please take the Lechery Test again. Only this time, answer it as if you were going to hand it in to a special committee composed of: a) your spouse and/or significant other; b) the governing board of the National Organisation of Women; c) a group of religious leaders from your community.

Go on, take the test again. I'll wait while you do it.

Finished? How many of you scored a large number of "false" responses this time? May I see a show of hands? Why don't I see any hands? Well, then, let me ask it this way: how many of you reversed yourselves and scored mostly "true" responses? I can't believe it. Most of you changed your answers? You were afraid of going public with your lechery? You let a bunch of judgemental people turn you into a wimp, didn't you?

Don't worry, amigos. It's happened to all of us. We're afraid of the "L" word. Call us lechers and we shrivel up and die a little. We feel defenceless against that charge, so when it's levelled against us we lie and duck and cheat. "Who, me? Lecherous? Not on your life."

That describes the past quarter-century of male life in this culture. It's a hell of a way to live, isn't it? Why are we so fearful of the "L" word? Why have we chosen to deny our basic way of thinking about sex.

There are two reasons: a) the powerful nature of our sexuality, powerful from our childhood years; b) the feminist and fundamentalist attack upon that nature.

Let's face it, we're a horny bunch of guys. A wonderful, vigorous, amazing sexual force comes into our lives at an early age. We can't hide from our own hard-ons — not that we'd want to — but we're also confused by them. The signals we get from many directions are anti-sexual.

The New Puritans, for instance, imply that our aggressive sexuality makes us rapists and pillagers by definition. That's a heavy charge, and it hurts us. So here's this new gift, this warm glory, this beautiful force, yet the message we get from the culture cuts against it, diminishes it, suggests it's something that's intrinsically evil.

The male experience of early sexuality is inherently a happy one, however. We love the new toy we've found. We play with it and pamper it. We like our bodies. Very few shameful signals come from within us. We stare across the schoolyard at recess and ask ourselves how girls can be so naive, so protected, so unsexed. We tell each other jokes while they skip rope. We yearn for them while they giggle and dream. Our horniness is obvious, our needs are too great to be denied. We lust and fantasise and masturbate — yet through all this early development we hear a subterranean and continual symphony of shame, a minuet of condemnation that continues through our lives. We are, we're told, monstrous and unsociable in our sexuality.

Consider the fuss made over Jimmy Carter's remark during his presidential campaigns that he had lust in his heart. Or consider the recent persecution and assassination of Gary Hart. GARY HART BEDEVILLED BY DEMONS, one headline read. Lives there a man with soul so dead who couldn't list and identify those demons? Do we not shiver just a little when we hear the knives being sharpened for Hart as the "L" word is branded on his forehead?

Try this: "Under the sway of his sensual passion, and when conquest and possession were the issue, he could be very intense, according to confidants of several of his partners. But once the passion was consumed, the fantasy fulfilled, and the spectre of the start of a relationship reared its head, Hart would shrink back and, clang!, that inner steel door between his two selves would shut." That's an analysis of Hart in *Vanity Fair,* in which Hart is spelled with a capital "L", but I have to wonder as I read that paragraph if it doesn't describe a major dynamic in the male psyche — a dynamic that is natural and self-protective, not demonic and dark.

One day soon, gentlemen, we'd better stand up and cheer for our nature. We'd better take the Universal Lechery Test and mark it honestly and hand it in to that special committee with pride. "This is how we are," we'll say. "Now deal with us instead of trying to condemn us. And clean up your own house before you come over and criticise ours."

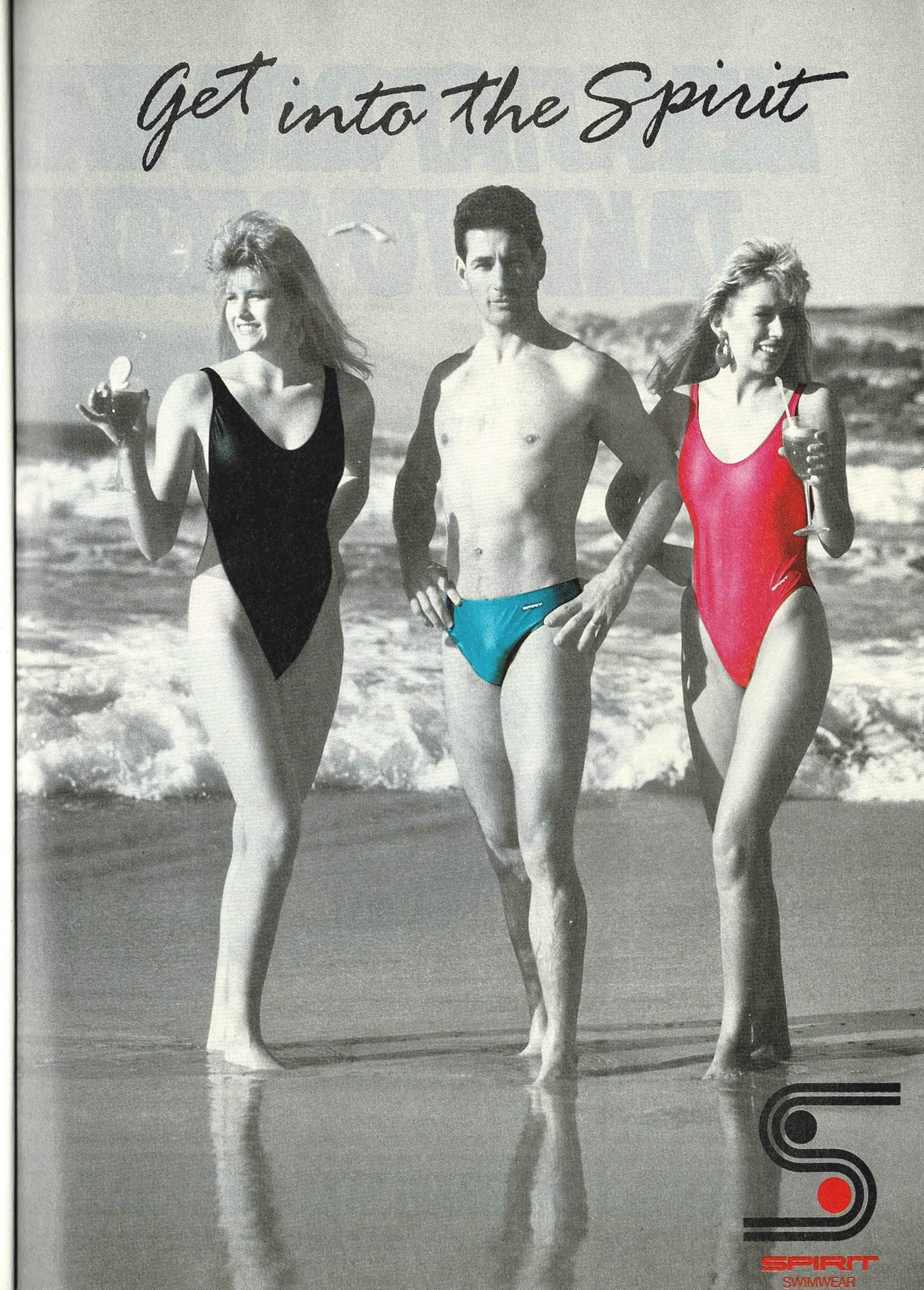
Oh, yes, that reminds me: after Gary Hart's appearance on television last September, a friend of mine called me. "That guy gives me the creeps," she said. "He makes me gag. I wouldn't trust him for a minute. And boy oh boy, do I feel sorry for his wife. Why does she take that shit? If I were her, I'd throw him out of the house tomorrow, without thinking twice."

I listened, but I didn't say much. How could I? I was too busy laughing. Only three months earlier she had been on the phone to me describing her latest affair, one that her husband doesn't know about, naturally enough.

You don't suppose we should construct a Universal Female Lechery Test, do you? You don't suppose women go clang!, too? They don't have problems with intimacy or sexuality, do they? None of the women candidates who've run for various political offices have ever slept around, have they? Of course not!

Hey, I'm just a dumb, lecherous guy and I'm only asking.

— ASA BABER



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SPORT

With a solid, youth-oriented side, Australian cricket is on its way back to the top.

Consider for a moment the occasional sportswriter as a sportsman himself. He picks his mark, he trains ferociously, he sits down at the typewriter and delivers. Then, if he happens to be a sportswriter on a glossy magazine which by necessity has a long production cycle, he waits endless weeks for his article to appear in print and for his impact to be felt. And he could end up with egg on his face.

In publishing terms this is known as lead time. In sporting terms it is rather like Jeff Fenech softening Carlos Zarate up for the kill, then giving him a couple of months to recuperate and strike back. In writing, as in boxing, it doesn't matter how accurate you are, it's the timing that counts.

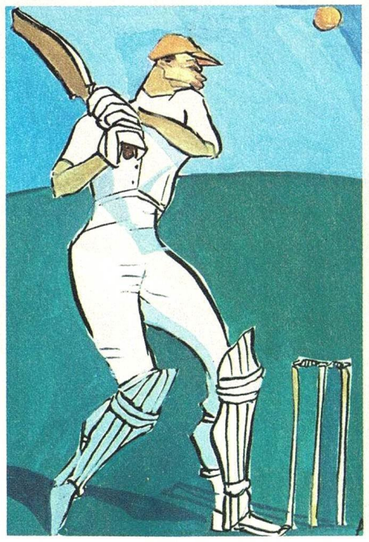
Thus it is somewhat foolhardy to attempt, based on their performances on the subcontinent last spring, an assessment of the Australian cricket side's potential in the one-day game this summer. Such an assessment would be fraught with risk about any side, but it is particularly so when you consider the Australian penchant in recent years for clutching defeat from the jaws of victory. Since that dreadful summer of 1984-85, when Hughes bowed out, weeping, and Clive Lloyd bowed out, gloating, nothing in Australian cricket has been assured.

The composition of the Australian squad has changed radically since that summer of three years ago, with the selectors at last showing a willingness to go on performance rather than reputation and to gamble on youth. But it is interesting to note in 1987 the recall of Dennis Lillee was taken seriously, just as in 1984 the dry-track tweaking of a good-natured, middle-aged bloke like Holland was taken seriously as Australia's only hope. Since then, the South African defection, player politics and a few personal factors have sorted out the dead wood, and what is left forms the backbone of a solid, youth-oriented side that might — just might — put us back on the map over the next few seasons.

However — and this is where I put my neck on the hindsight chopping block — in terms of the limited-over game, I don't think we will have to wait that long to dominate. Assuming Allan Border has a few good seasons left, and that his dummy-spitting days are over, I think he can still lead this combination to some heroic victories.

As a tactician in a game where tactics is perhaps 70 percent, Border has rightly had his critics. I don't think he is the most astute judge of the progression of the one-day game. However, the remaining 30 percent is guts, and as a captain who leads from the front, Border is certainly not lacking in that respect. What about the team he has to work with?

Aside from having a strike bowler who can stop runs as well as take wickets, there is nothing more important in the pyjama game than a good opening stand. A ton for none off 30 overs when you bat first is as good as three up on a scratch lotto ticket, and of all the good performances in India, few were as heartening as the return to form of that tough little bastard, Boon. With Boon and Marsh as in-form openers, we can expect to weather the storm of front-line attacks and to have a foundation on which a very solid middle order can build.



There is no doubting that Dean Jones is now the classiest batsman in the country and probably the first genuine number three with match-turning ability since Hughes, at his peak, decided he was too close to the new ball for comfort. When batting captains start dropping themselves down the order, it is usually a sign that they are on the way out, but it wouldn't surprise me if Allan Border does this quite successfully this season, allowing Steve Waugh (and possibly even Tom Moody) time to establish an innings. Border, as he's shown so many times, can score quickly anywhere in the order, and can bat without partners. Waugh, by the way, is in my opinion the new Keith Miller. He will win many matches for Australia and, when he is finally given the captaincy, he will keep it for a decade at the least.

In the bowling department the selectors seem to have belatedly agreed that the best one-day combination (apart from having two Bothams, two Imrans and a Hadlee) is two quicks, a slow and two medium-pace all-rounders. It was by no means certain who would open the bowling with Bruce Reid, but Craig McDermott was showing a new maturity and a greater understanding of the requirements of this strange perversion of cricket. But trying to predict their antics, their successes or failures, at the beginning of a season is a dangerous sport for the hapless media expert. Which is why, so often, they end up with egg on faces, a fate which occasionally befalls me.

Another bonus for Australia is that in dropping the average age of team members by several years, the selectors have created a by-product of greater agility in the field. Only Border is over 30, and most of the others are lean and fast.

In short, this is the first time in years that I have found myself in almost total agreement with the Australian selectors over the composition of a side. But, as I said, my credibility is on the line here. A few weeks is a long time in cricket, but an even longer time in sportswriting. It may well be that in the time it took the editors of this august publication to staple a screaming wench to the middle pages, Waugh turned out to be a wimp, Border burst into tears and Greg Matthews was recalled from the Home For Old Folk Heroes. So might I add, in the best Australian tradition of having two bob each way: bring back Bradman!

— PHIL JARRATT

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SHOWBIZ

Music! Comedy! Circus! Dance! Festival fever has Australia in its cultured grasp.

FESTIVAL MADNESS: It isn't just because of the Bicentenary. Every year Australia is gripped by Arts Festival fever and it doesn't let up for months. This year Sydney's goes on for an entire two-month period, right up until the end of February, and the rash spreads quickly through Melbourne, Perth and Adelaide. Because of Expo '88 it will even make it as far as Jo'burg. Lest this sound too much like bad medicine, it should be pointed out that arts festivals attract some of the finest performers in the world and the best international acts make most of the Festival circuit. **Twyla Tharp Dance**, for example (she who choreographed *Amadeus* and **Baryshnikov** in *White Nights*) will go on to Perth and Melbourne in March and Adelaide in April after opening in Sydney in February; circus fans should note Canada's spectacular **Cirque Du Soleil** will be running hot through the whole of February at Sydney's brand new Moore Park Stadium and will then do Melbourne Arts Centre later that month and Brisbane's Expo '88 in May. There's genuine Japanese Noh theatre in **Sankai Juku** which will be doing both Sydney and Adelaide (we are told proudly that they lost one of their members while performing on the side of a New York skyscraper!); and the hilarious English

Fascinating Aida on the Festival trail: sexy, stroppy and wonderfully irreverent.

comedy trio **Fascinating Aida** make a welcome return — to Sydney, Adelaide, Darwin, Alice Springs and Brisbane. There have been murmurings of discontent that **Peter Brook**'s Paris-based CICT company will not be invited to Sydney with their landmark production, *The Mahabharata*, but at admission prices ranging from $118 to $68 for the nine-hour cycle in Perth and Melbourne it was too expensive. Still, if **Frank Hardy**'s new play *Faces In The Street* is a success in Sydney, no doubt the others will pick it up.

●

REELING AND ROCKING: **Ron Howard** has been mentioned as a possible director for the movie about **The Doors**, but ex-Doorsman **Ray Manzarek** wants **Stanley Kubrick.** To be called Dr Strangedays, we presume — who's he kidding? As to the burning question of who could possibly play **Jim Morrison,** Manzarek says, "I think the important thing is not so much a Jim Morrison look-alike, but the sense of danger in his eyes." So who says pop stars aren't up themselves?. . . We hear that **Diane Keaton** is interested in producing a remake of *The Blue Angel* with **Madonna** playing the **Marlene Dietrich** role. Just as long as **Sean Penn** doesn't play Professor Rat, the

MOVIE SCORECARD

Capsule close-ups of current releases by graham barry

Back To The Beach *Surf Nazis Must Die* it ain't, but Annette and Frankie are still a lot of fun. ¥¥¥

Fatal Attraction *Play Misty For Me* revisited but sexier and nastier a 1a *9½ Weeks.* Glenn Close is the bitch. ¥¥

Hamburger Hill The sheer senselessness of war (in this case Vietnam) makes gruelling viewing. ¥¥

Inner Space Test pilot Dennis Quaid is miniaturised and launched into Martin Short's bloodstream by mistake! ¥¥¥

Ishtar Beatty and Hoffman clown through political upheaval in an obscure Eastern country. ¥¥¥

Jean De Florette/Manon Des Sources Mammoth French soapie in 2 parts with Montand and Depardieu. ¥¥¥

Living Daylights New Bond Timothy Dalton raises the standard to something like Sean Connery's level. ¥¥¥

My Sweet Little Village In small Czech villages everybody is crazy. Or so it would seem. Very funny. ¥¥¥¥

Space Balls Mel Brooks sticks it up *Star Wars* to great effect. *Mad* magazine in movie form. ¥¥¥

Summer School The Hollywood teenage film reaches its ultimate cliche'd form. ¥

Revenge Of The Nerds II Poor cash-in on surprisingly good original, but you'll still laugh despite yourself. ¥¥

The Lost Boys The bikie gang terrorising Santa Carla are really vampires. Weird, wonderful — pure cinema. ¥¥¥¥

The Pick-Up Artist Good moments, but again Molly Ringwald fights inferior material. ¥¥

Who's That Girl? Potentially great screwball comedy ruined by Madonna's undisciplined hamming. ¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

Emil Jannings part. . . **Roy Orbison** has teamed up with **K.D. Lang** to record some songs for a **Dino De Laurentiis** film starring **Jon** (*Pretty In Pink*) **Cryer.**

●

NEWSBREAKS: Rock stars are contributing to an album of songs from Disney movies. You'll hear **Ringo** singing *When You Wish Upon A Star* and **Harry Nilsson** doing *Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah.* Also performing: **Los Lobos** and **Tom Waits**. . . **Sting** does *not* rule out a **Police** reunion. . . **Jim Kerr** of **Simple Minds** and **Johnny Marr** formerly of **The Smiths** are helping **Paul McCartney** out with his new album.

The Pick-Up Artist: Robert Downey tries out his talents on Molly Ringwald.

RANDOM RUMORS: **The Beastie Boys** are denying that the six metre phallus they use to decorate their stage is for sale. Their manager says they plan to hold on to it for posterity as a kind of memento. Let's hope the Beastie Boys last that long. . . or maybe not. In the meantime they are resting up before cutting a new album, and working on a film called *Scared Stupid.* No comment.

●

IDOL GOSSIP: More grist for the rumor mill — **Billy Idol** dropped his strides on a Florida stage and couldn't get them up again; and **Bruce Springsteen** plans to run for governor of New Jersey. Now **Clint Eastwood**'s mayor of Carmel we'll believe anything. . . Aussie director **Russell** (*Highlander*) **Mulcahy** was fired off *Rambo 3* after being blamed for being three days over schedule. Lucky guy!. . . **Pamela Des Barres,** the supergroupie who gave many her best and then gave the rest to her husband, English rocker **Michael Des Barres**, has published *I'm With The Band*, an affectionate tell-all about her experiences as bedmate to the likes of **Mick Jagger** and **Don Johnson**. . . Mick and **Keith** are still trading barbs in the press as their solo careers hot up. One reporter asked Keith if the Stones' fighting would end. "You'd better ask the bitch," was the alleged reply.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

A candid conversation with the crown prince of pectoral power about guns, women, the Kennedys — and his relationship with Sylvester Stallone.

The Western World loves heroes, especially its tough-guy movie idols. In the '50s, it was John Wayne, duking it out with the Reds from his home on the range. Clint Eastwood and Lee Marvin dominated the '60s, meting out justice their way. Then came Sylvester Stallone, a truer-than-grit street brawler who went from gym to jungle to slug it out with the world's bullies and villains. The latest incarnation of our mighty obsession may also prove our biggest, both in personal heft and box office muscle. He is, of course, that rippled hulk of an ex-weightlifter named Arnold Schwarzenegger.

The legend is well known, how the Austrian-born Schwarzenegger, after single-handedly transforming the sport of bodybuilding from the hobby of dumb bruisers into a yuppie national pastime, went on to conquer Hollywood. There, portraying a series of entertaining comic book superheroes — from gargantuan cavemen to monster robots — he virtually created a new kind of strong man. His characters were invincible, often brutal, and yet betrayed, if one squinted, a certain vulnerability.

What sealed Schwarzenegger's grip on the American Dream was his remarkable entry into society. Two years ago, in one of the most publicised weddings in history, he walked off with one of the country's great romantic prizes, Maria Shriver. A Kennedy daughter-in-law, Shriver had beauty, brains (a CBS anchorwoman) and breeding — and served to wrap her groom's long-expired green card in the ultimate blue-blood credentials. The man who had won five Mr Universe and seven Mr Olympia titles had completed his conquests. In addition to his determination, Schwarzenegger also showed another trait in those early years: sly manipulation. During competition, he would use a variety of tactics to psych out his rivals. In the documentary Pumping Iron he was shown playing on competitors' insecurities en route to grabbing the Mr Olympia title; on another occasion, he suggested to his opponent that, since the contest would go on all night, they should both leave the stage together. The other contestant walked off; Schwarzenegger stayed and won.

Though he was prepared for a struggle in Hollywood, he got lucky fast. Running into a friend who was working on Robert Altman's The Long Goodbye, Schwarzenegger was invited to the set to meet the director, who eventually hired him as the character whose primary purpose was to beat up Elliott Gould. In the credits he used the name Arnold Strong.

Pleased with the whole experience, he began to take his budding acting career seriously, working with professionals on his accent, his voice, his talent — lessons he still continues today. The hard work paid off: his next major appearance — in Stay Hungry, with Jeff Bridges and Sally Field — was the breakthrough film, earning Schwarzenegger a Golden Globe as Best Newcomer In Films. From there, he was on to titles roles, specifically in the Conan series (Conan The Barbarian and Conan The Destroyer — the former grossing over $10 million worldwide.)

But it was Schwarzenegger's portrayal of The Terminator in 1984 which won him true fame: he was named International Star Of The Year by the National Association Of Theatre Owners and the movie itself was listed among the ten best films of the year by Time magazine. The subsequent top-grosser Commando — as well as Raw Deal and last year's Predator — confirmed his growing popularity.

That popularity was not limited to the screen. He invariably proved a charming and witty guest on his numerous appearances in front of the Tonight Show TV cameras, just as he had charmed the camera in Pumping Iron. Yet clearly Schwarzenegger was a man who kept a tight control on his co-operation with the media. Even after he had agreed to sit

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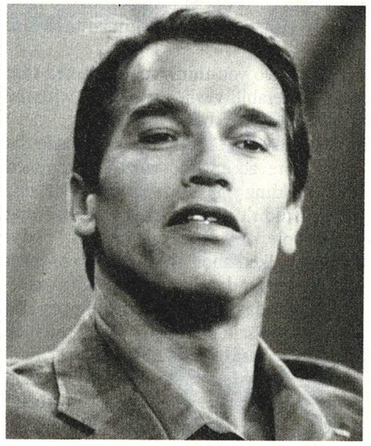
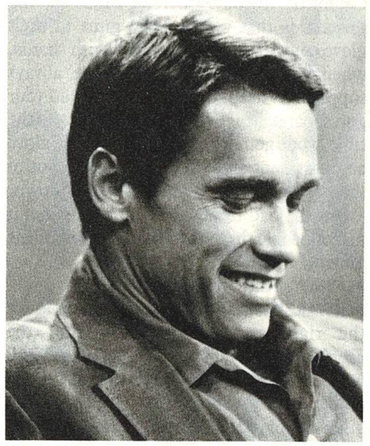
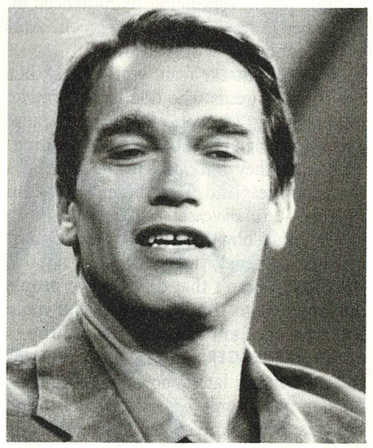


"In the old days, body-builders talked about eating a kilo of meat and 30 eggs a day, and how they couldn't have sex. And I said to myself, 'Who the fuck wants that?'"



"Hollywood had many reasons why I could not make it: my accent, my body, my long name. You have to establish yourself in such a way that no one else can compete with you."



"I have a love interest in every one of my films — a gun. It doesn't always have to be a woman. Besides, you have to understand: in most action films, women are in the way."

down for the Playboy Interview, it took months of waiting before he would slot it into his schedule. And when the summons finally came it was abrupt. He called Playboy interviewer ***Joan Goodman*** *from Chicago on a Tuesday afternoon and told her to take a Wednesday flight from LA. Goodman reports:*

"The things about Arnold that really surprised me were his strong artistic bent and the worth of his art collection. He began gathering Miros and Chagalls, Andy Warhols and Salvador Dalis in the early '70s; his taste runs from local Indian art to sports pieces like those of LeRoy Neiman. They decorate the $2.8 million, Mediterranean style home he has just built for himself and Maria and, though he has already run out of wall space, the paintings are sacrosanct: he won't sell them. 'I invest in art because it's nicer to have your money on the wall than in the bank,' he says. 'I'm not a trader.'"

PLAYBOY: If there's one thing your movies are noted for, it's violence. Sometimes it's cartoonlike, sometimes it's gory. Do you ever think too much screen violence may be bad for people?

SCHWARZENEGGER: If I thought it was, then I wouldn't do those films. As far as I'm concerned, it doesn't influence people. I watched violent movies all my life and it had no influence on me. Something on the screen doesn't turn someone into a killer unless there's something already wrong with him. And I don't think when you make a movie you can say: "There's some crazy person out there who may take this the wrong way, who may do something crazy." If you did that, you would never make a movie.

PLAYBOY: But it's not just the random crazy person, is it? Some studies show that younger people especially are influenced by the violence they see on the screen. And some people are acting against it.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yeah, yeah I know, but this is just parents who don't want to take responsibility for controlling their kids. They work or are divorced or something. They think they don't have the time. Besides that, the press and the TV news focus on violence — *real violence* — all the time. Every local news show starts with how many killings happened that day.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that drive movie people like yourself to think up more and more violent scenes to outdo the real stuff?

SCHWARZENEGGER: There is less violence and gore in my latest movie, *The Running Man* — you don't see it as much. The cameras focus more on the faces and show the fear and the tension. Still, people get entertained in different ways. Some like love stories, some like historical movies, some like emotional films. And then there is that category of people that just like to go and see action movies with some violence throughout.

PLAYBOY: And the effect on younger viewers —

SCHWARZENEGGER: Movies are *rated*, for adults or for kids. So it's up to the parents. It's a tough job. I remember when my father would say, "Don't go to see this movie," I would run twice as fast. That's how I could tell how much I would like the movie: by how much my father disapproved of it.

PLAYBOY: Then you know young people will get in to see your movies — or rent them on video — no matter what the rating.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Of course, whatever is forbidden as a kid you want even more. We had much stricter controls in Austria because we had a police officer standing at the entrance to the movie theatre checking your identification. If you were not the right age you couldn't get in.

PLAYBOY: How did *you* get in?

SCHWARZENEGGER: [*Laughs*] My method was to walk in backward when the people were coming out. Like I was part of the audience. I always found a way to get in there.

PLAYBOY: What about the kinds of characters you play — terminators, eliminators, commandos? Do you think the message they send is that violence is heroic?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, because the bad guys do worse. My characters just defend themselves. The message that is sent is to be strong and be smart and to rely on yourself to get out of danger, to save your own life.

Look, you had assassinations before now. Presidents were shot before Reagan and Kennedy, before there was television or radio. You can't say what puts a crazy idea into a crazy mind. It's easy to blame a movie, rather than to blame yourself. Which is what parents are doing.

PLAYBOY: So you think the press is at fault?

SCHWARZENEGGER: In the case of the California freeway killers, I think the big mistake is that people keep guns in their glove compartments. The deal with that is, when you have a permit, you're always supposed to keep your ammunition and your gun separate, so if you get emotional, by the time you get your gun from the glove compartment and your ammunition out of the boot, you have a chance to cool down.

But the bad thing about all this is that it makes people think that we have to eliminate guns.

PLAYBOY: And you don't?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Outlawing guns is *not* the right method of eliminating the problem. If you outlaw guns, people will still have them illegally. In Europe, they're oulawed everywhere. They have very strict gun control in Italy. Yet they shot the Pope. They have very strict gun control in Germany. Yet you see pimps shooting each other. Politicians have been shot in Sweden and Holland where guns are outlawed.

I don't know how you handle this. I'm no expert.

PLAYBOY: Although your movies have plenty of gore, they don't have much sex. And your character rarely has a love interest. Is that deliberate?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I have a love interest in every one of my films — a gun. [*Laughs*] It doesn't always have to be a woman. That's boring. Besides, you have to understand: in most action movies, women are in the way.

PLAYBOY: Interesting rule of thumb. Any exceptions?

SCHWARZENEGGER: If the story specifically revolves around the woman, or the woman's role is written in to make the story work. But when they're thrown in the way Hollywood does — as bait to get sex in the movie — I don't want to be part of that.

PLAYBOY: Is this a principled stand?

SCHWARZENEGGER: As long as the woman is a token, I won't do the movie. It has to be like *Terminator* where the woman is the main character — where the story evolves around her. Then it is perfect. Then she comes out the hero. *Conan* is another great example. Or any of the movies where the woman has a specific purpose. But if they're just used for bait, then fuck it, I don't want them treated that way.

PLAYBOY: There is probably a feminist thought in there somewhere. Actually, statistics show there is a growing audience of women who *do* watch your films. Why do you suppose that is?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The vulnerability factor, I think. I play that on purpose. First of all, I *am* vulnerable in many ways. And I think what you are comes out in a movie. I also think that people respond to the sense of humor in a character, especially when he's playing the stud, the big strong guy.

PLAYBOY: Has playing so many violent roles had any influence on you personally? For example, do you have a bad temper?

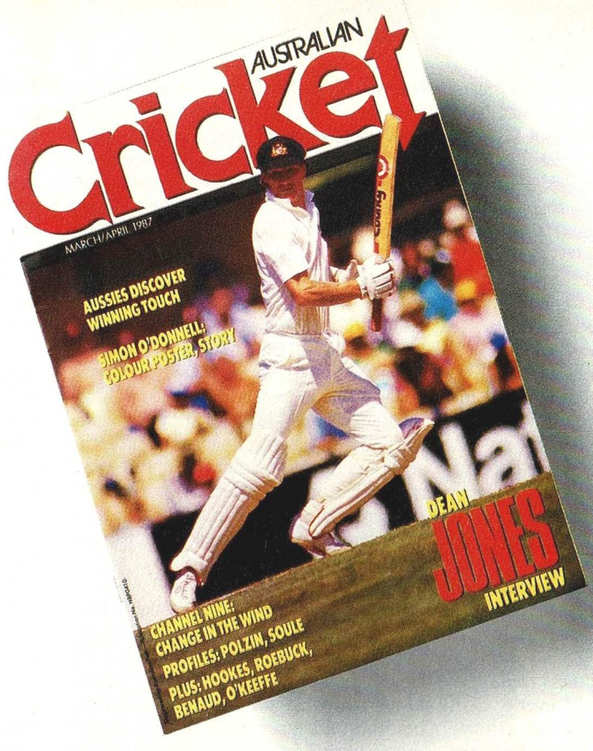
SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I used to lose my temper more easily, but then I realised it's not worth it. It doesn't interest me to have revenge either. It takes too much time and energy.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you projected that same vulnerability when you broke with the stereotype of the body-builder?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes. I think I made the sport more acceptable when I promoted body-building in the mid-'70s. For one thing, I didn't say the kind of things that put people off. In the old days, body-builders talked about eating a kilo of meat and 30 eggs a day; how they had to sleep 12 hours a day and couldn't have sex and so on. And I said to myself, "Who the fuck wants to be part of that kind of sport?" First of all, it was not accurate and, second of all, if you want to make people join a particular activity, you have to make it pleasant sounding.

PLAYBOY: So what did you talk about?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It's like promoting anything: you make it fun. I talked about



Written by the blokes who play, for the blokes who watch.

Covering Grade, Shield, Tests with a pin-up action color poster every month.

diet — but I said I eat cake and ice cream as well. I said I stay out nights and I have sex and all the things that everyone says you shouldn't do. I said, All you have to do is train three times a week for 45 minutes to an hour and you will get in shape.

PLAYBOY: So you made musclebound guys seem less grotesque?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yeah. I think for many years people always said women weren't interested in men with bodies that were physically developed, men who had a lot of muscles. But all that stuff was only talk. The reality was quite different. I never felt in my entire life that women didn't like me, nor have any of my friends felt that.

PLAYBOY: You mean your body-building buddies?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No one ever complained to me that since he got muscles he couldn't get a woman. I think a lot of talk was the jealousy of men because they felt inadequate around people that were in shape. That was in the '70s and it's all changed.

PLAYBOY: You mean the fitness trend?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Now every man belongs to a gym or a fitness club of some sort. They work out with weights. From the time I got to this country until now, they went from having 2500 gymnasiums to having between 30,000 and 40,000 clubs. If men had the same attitudes about muscles today, they would be attacking what they do themselves.

PLAYBOY: Where did your original goal to be a body-builder come from?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I think I wanted to do something unique, something that not everybody else did. I was also very impressed with the idea of weight-lifting, and when I joined the sports club that was all that was in my mind.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Fifteen. It was my own idea to join this club. I was in Austria, and it was the first time I had made a decision on my own, without my parents. I had grown up in a very strict household. My father wanted me to be a champion soccer player because I played soccer a little bit at that time. So to join the body-building club on my own gave me a really great feeling of independence.

PLAYBOY: Did the other kids make fun of you? Body-building wasn't exactly a trendy sport in Austria, was it?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No one made fun of me, but there was a lot of misunderstanding about body-building. But that was fine. I understood that people were ignorant of this new thing. Now, of course, it's a very big sport in Austria and everyone is doing it. I was just ahead of my time. Whenever you're ahead of your time, you find resistance.

PLAYBOY: Body-builders traditionally rely on more than just themselves — chemicals, for instance. When you were competing in body-building, did you take steroids?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Oh sure, sure.

PLAYBOY: Does it concern you now that you took them?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I don't worry about it because I never took an overdosage. I took them under a doctor's supervision. Once a year, six or eight weeks before competition. I was always careful and checked, and I never had any side effects.

PLAYBOY: Then what is your attitude today towards steroids? *Can* you become a champion without them?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I always tell people to stay away from them and rely on hard work. Today, there is a whole new breed of body-builders who rely just on hard training and use things like food supplements and amino acids and things like that. A lot of the guys who relied on steroids have retired.

There was always too much emphasis on what steroids could do. They might help you five percent but it couldn't make you an overnight champion.

PLAYBOY: Then why did you take them?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Because at 20, all you want to do is be a champion. You take anything that anyone else is taking. You try to find out what are the best proteins, the best supplements around. When I came to this country, I found out about steroids and I tried them out. But I wish that in those days we had had drug tests. It would have been much better. Body-building is what the name implies: to make your body healthier and stronger. Drugs do exactly the opposite.

PLAYBOY: What about other drugs; have you done them?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Never in my entire life. When I came to America someone gave me a drug like speed. He told me it would make me sharper and I'd lose weight. But I lost muscle tone. It was like having a hard-on that's not hard, that is half limp. I said I don't like that. I like to feel fully pumped. I threw the pills away. Nor has anyone so much as smoked a joint when I was there. Or sniffed coke. Or taken any drugs. In Hollywood, I have never seen any drugs on the set or anywhere. It could be because people know me well enough to know that I don't want anything like that. I'm around actors all the time — and I've worked with them in Mexico, on jungle locations where you think it might happen just to pass the time — and I've *never* seen it.

PLAYBOY: That probably says something about your clout on a movie set. But the power you have now didn't come overnight, did it?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I experienced a *lot* of prejudice. The people in Hollywood had many reasons why I could not make it: my accent, my body, my long name. That made it very difficult — until I realised that you cannot compete at that level out here. You have to create your own position where you establish yourself in such a way that no one else can compete with *you*.

You just turn the whole thing around. That is what black actors do — including people like Cosby and Eddie Murphy. They've created a certain thing that no one can touch; no one can compete with them. They can't do what they did to Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield and all those girls years ago. "If we can't get one, we'll get the other. She's blonde, she has tits, she has an arse, she has a good body . . . " If one didn't want to do a script, they would get the other. That's what *The Jayne Mansfield Story* that I did for television was all about. [*Schwarzenegger played the role of Mansfield's husband, body-builder Mickey Hargitay.*]

PLAYBOY: You learned a lesson in power from the Jayne Mansfield movie?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I learned that you need to establish yourself in an area where there is *no one else.* Then you have to create a need for yourself, build yourself up. While their empire goes on, slowly, without their realising it, build your own little fortress. And all of a sudden, it's too late for them to do anything about it. And *they* have to come to *you* because you have what they want. Because you're stable and your films always make money for the producer or the studio.

PLAYBOY: But can't that stability lead to a vicious circle, where you always make the same kind of films?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I feel I *like* to specialise in action adventure films right now. I know a lot of people say, "I don't want to be typecast," but that's crap. It's *all* typecasting. If they want a black guy for a movie, no matter how fantastic an actor you are, if you're white you will not be hired. Not even if you're Dustin Hoffman. And if they want somebody ordinary looking for *Kramer Versus Kramer,* they're not going to hire Stallone and they're not going to hire me because we don't look ordinary.

PLAYBOY: What about your own acting? Most critics refer to your performances as "wooden". Don't you ever feel you'd like to show a little more emotion?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I don't say to myself, "Gee, I wish I could show my emotions." I think *The Jayne Mansfield Story* was a very emotional film in many ways. *Stay Hungry* shows a lot of emotion. So did *Commando.*

But you're right. In action films where you actually do the action yourself, you can't always show emotion. I think the majority of people out there don't appreciate that. They like to be able to disconnect emotions and go after what they want to go after, destroy what they want to destroy. That's why they go to see these films. It's a fantasy — and in real life it doesn't happen.

I'm portraying something that everyone wants to do. Everybody wants to say, "I'm upset with my boss. I wish I could finish him off. I wish I could just be cold and not let anything get to me." When people see one of my films, they subconsciously think it's *them* handling all these situations so easily; fighting back and getting even. So, in those situations you don't *want* to show too much emotion.

And they also hire me because I don't *look* ordinary. If you do heroic things in movies you can't look like a skinny rat. You have to look accordingly and that's typecasting.

PLAYBOY: You had a brother who died.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes, in a car accident in 1971 when he was 24 and I was 23. I still think about it many times. I'm now bringing his son Patrick over to America. He's 19 and has just graduated from high school. He wants to study in America now and will go to college to study business.

PLAYBOY: You were close to your brother, weren't you?

SCHWARZENEGGER: We were close. The whole family was close but there was a competitiveness, too. Obviously in sports, and in school and every other way. There was always competition because we were so close in age. I'm sure that's part of what spurred me on.

PLAYBOY: Which of you was the favorite child in the family?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The way I remember it, as a kid you get pissed off on a daily basis because you feel there is no justice. Whatever you want to do, they tell you, "No, you can't." But my brother told me he went through the same thing. There was a "No" to him and a "No" to me, but sometimes . . . I felt he got more of the "Yeses" and I got more "Nos." But then my brother would say to me, "You're so lucky that they like you more." My mother says that they always made an effort to treat us the same.

PLAYBOY: When you talk about getting to the top in acting do you imagine winning an Oscar?

SCHWARZENEGGER: The Oscar is only one way of establishing yourself.

PLAYBOY: What's another?

SCHWARZENEGGER: You can establish yourself as the actor who makes the most money for the studio. Or the one who actually receives the highest salary. Or the one who has the biggest percentage of ownership of the film. Like Clint Eastwood, for instance. He has very unique deals. He is truly the king of the film industry and the box-office worldwide.

PLAYBOY: Are you forgetting your friend and fellow action-movie mogul, Sylvester Stallone? Isn't he the highest paid actor?

SCHWARZENEGGER: First of all, I don't know about that. Second, he is not my friend.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SCHWARZENEGGER: He just hits me the wrong way. I make every effort that is humanly possible to be friendly to the guy but he just gives off the wrong vibrations. Whatever he does it always comes out wrong.

I'll give you an example. We had breakfast together not long ago, because we are making films for the same company. We discussed not getting in each other's way and when the films should be released. It was a very agreeable conversation on every subject and then he said, "You've got to

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become a member of my new club.'' I said, ''What club?'' He says, ''It's going to be an all-male club with no women allowed. Just like in the old days. Only men. And we sit around and smoke stogies and pipes and have a good time.'' I told him it was the worst thing he could do. That we're living in a very sensitive time period where women are struggling for equality. I said that I don't agree with half the stuff they're talking about, but a club like that would offend every smart woman in the country. I said to stay away from it. ''If you want just guys, invite them up to your house. That's what I do.''

PLAYBOY: He's had some trouble with his image lately, hasn't he?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Just because you're a big star it doesn't mean you have common sense about these things. Listen, he hired the best publicity agents in the world and they couldn't straighten out his act. There's nothing that anyone can do out there to save his arse and his image.

Just the way he dresses — seeing him dressed in his white suit, trying to look slick and hip — that already annoys people. And the gold ring and the gold chains which say, ''Look how rich I am'' — all that annoys people. It's a shame no one taught him to be cool. He should have L.L. Bean shoes and corduroy pants with a plaid shirt. That's cool; that's how a director should look, rather than to have that fucking fur coat when he directs.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you ever go through a flashy phase with your clothes?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I've had a tailor in New York since 1976 who always says, ''I'm going to make you look like old money.'' So I wear mostly conservative clothes and I don't go with trends. I love the preppy look which, many times, is bright colors — green corduroy pants or red pullover shirts. The thing is you have to be very careful when you're bigger.

My favorite outfit is my shorts and my loafers and a T-shirt. But you can't go to business meetings like this.

PLAYBOY: So, staying with Stallone, wasn't there some bad blood over the fact that his recent ex-wife, Brigitte Neilsen, was your girlfriend when you and she made *Red Sonja* together?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, she *wanted* to be. When she was in Rome on the film, she said, ''I want to move to America and be your wife.'' I said, ''I have a girlfriend I'm very serious about. I'm very heavily involved with Maria. I don't need anybody.'' She said, ''I'm unbeatable.'' I told her, ''I guarantee nothing will change my mind. But there's a lot of guys over there.'' She knew my lawyer Jake Bloom who is also Stallone's lawyer. Jake invited her to dinner and there was Stallone and he went crazy over her. I was happy about that because I didn't want to worry about her chasing me down. She is a personality that doesn't quit.

PLAYBOY: Do you know what happened with her and Stallone?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Only what I read. I have not had a conversation with Sly about it. But I tell you, I saw them in New York last year walking on Fifth Avenue and she was saying, ''Don't buy this jacket, it doesn't look good. Let's go to another store.'' You know, dictating to him. She's on top of it all. I felt sorry for the poor guy.

PLAYBOY: Some would say it's tough to feel sorry for an actor — or anybody, for that matter — who pulls in that kind of money. And that goes for you, too. *Forbes* estimated your 1987 income at close to $18 million — which you may want to comment on —

SCHWARZENEGGER: Probably not.

PLAYBOY: In what field do you make most of your money?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It's a combination of things. The films, the real estate and other investments. I love making movies because you make a great salary and you know ahead of time what to do with it, such as investments. That way I pay my income taxes with pleasure. I know whatever I give the government, my investments will bring back. I enjoy paying taxes in this country because you can make a fortune investing the right way.

PLAYBOY: How much money do you make a picture? We heard you got something like $3 million for *Predator.*

SCHWARZENEGGER: I don't like to get into the financial side of it. It doesn't sell any tickets and only makes people jealous. There are too many people out there who don't have it so why rub it in?

In any case I can't talk about a salary because, for years now, my salary has doubled annually. So there's no ''salary'' per se. With certain actors you can say he's getting five million or he's getting three, because that's what he's earned on the last six movies. It's a standard fee.

With me there is no such thing because I am a rising person. If, for instance, one year I get $1.5 million, the next year I get $3 million and $6 million the year after that.

PLAYBOY: And do you also participate through your production company?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes. That's why I cannot say what I get. Let's say for the last movie I got six million. I then have Fox come after me for eight. Then I have Keith Barish, who did *The Running Man,* offer me a five-picture deal for $50 million.

PLAYBOY: And you took that?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No, I won't take it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Because that's not the bottom line. The number one thing is the project itself. If the project is good, then they will all come to me with the money. Fox wants me to do another *Commando* and another *Predator* and then a prison picture.

PLAYBOY: You're in a nice position — everyone wanting you to make films for them. The money keeps rolling in.

SCHWARZENEGGER: There are such *enormous* amounts of money that can be made in the movies. I mean you're talking about profits like on *Predator* of over $60 million or $70 million for Fox.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't most of your movie money been invested in real estate?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Some has. But I owned apartment buildings and office buildings before I ever did a film. That was a great asset to my career. In the beginning, when people came to me and said, ''I have a great part for you where you play a truck driver and you're on screen for ten minutes, but we'll use your body,'' I could afford to say no because I didn't need the $20,000 they offered. It meant nothing to me. What I wanted to do was to build a career.

PLAYBOY: How did you know how to invest your money as a newcomer from Austria?

SCHWARZENEGGER: When I first came here, I began to take classes. I didn't have a student visa so I could take only two classes in one school. That meant I took evening courses in business at UCLA and general education courses at Santa Monica City College. I took art classes at West Los Angeles College — I was all over the place.

Then I finally did this research program for Special Olympians at the University of Wisconsin. I submitted all my credits to them and only needed ten more credits for a degree. Altogether I went to school for six years. It's all part of being hungry.

PLAYBOY: And it helped you become a smart businessman.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Yes, but you have to have a feel for it. It's something that you're born with or grow up with. Then, as long as you have an interest in it, you will want to learn and reach out and find out how business works and apply it to your own.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an adviser for stocks and real estate?

SCHWARZENEGGER: No one specific person, although there are some people around me who give me advice. I read a lot about the subject. And I hear things. I belong to the Regency Club in Westwood which is a very conservative businessmen's club.

PLAYBOY: Do they accept you as a businessman rather than an entertainer?

SCHWARZENEGGER: It's not a place for entertainers. It's a place I can meet people in real estate and business. I also talk to people in the stock market. It makes you aware of new companies and takeover bids.

PLAYBOY: You also sponsor world championships. Do they make money?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I produce Mr Olympia and Mr Universe with a partner, Jim Lorimar, in Columbus, Ohio every year. It's become like the capital of body-building. Listen, in my heart I'm still a body-builder as much as I ever was. I just don't compete because I don't have the interest or the time. But I love the sport and the idea of supporting the young guys coming up. We always raise a lot of money so we can give good cash prizes.

PLAYBOY: Have you made financial

(continued on page 114)

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YES, I BEGGED the editors to send me here to the Star Mountains, between Fiamok and the border of Irian Jaya, somewhere near the centre of New Guinea. I told them modern women run around complaining they want a primitive man, so I thought it would be fun to go to New Guinea and find a real one. Yes, I blathered like an idiot. And now look at me — in the dim light please. The publisher is going to have to pay a fortune to the New Guinea government (which bans this magazine) to come find and rescue us.

Sali and Bickie, my guides, are from Telefomin, a little village in the Stars, headquarters of the West Sepik Province.

It's one of the most isolated and primitive places on an island which itself is the most isolated and primitive place in the world. Telefomin is also the most recent government station to have killed a white patrol officer.

In order to get there, I flew from Sydney to Port Moresby, from Port Moresby to the Central Highlands of New Guinea. From there I hiked into the mountains and got attacked at Andowari — not a real attack, a kind of humbug attack. A certain number of people had never seen a white woman and there was a good deal of screaming, not mine. Then from the Central Highlands I took a missionary plane into the last airstrip of civilisation, Telefomin.

•

I pitch my tent in the flowers behind the Telefomin jail, and eat a bunch of bananas, undress, fold my dress over the pack, place my boots outside to air, put on my nightgown, wash my face with water from the canteen, slather myself with lanolin, and

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How writer E. Jean Carroll found the Noble Savage in deepest, darkest New Guinea.

in search of primitive man

sleep at full stretch with my arms flung out, twelve hours. The next morning, the sun already high, I unzip the bug flap, the tent flap, the rain flap and a nose, big and fat, with hair jutting out the nostrils, and a pair of eyebrows, also fat and hairy, two eyes, very black and deep set, a short beard, wide protruding lips, a closely cropped head, and another very round head with long curly eyelashes and dark eyes look in. It is Sali and Bickie.

"Ahk!" I say.

"YOI! YOI! YOI!" screams Bickie.

"Let me get dressed," I say.

●

The beginning is easy. The first night out of Telefomin we make Atemkinkim. The second night, Kowoptamin. We pass from the Telefomin language to the Atbalmin language (travel is so difficult there are 700 distinct dialects!). We come to the mighty Sepik. How impossible all this sounds. "*This* is the bridge?" I shout.

"It's nothing but sticks and vines!"

"Yeah!" shouts Sali, laughing.

"EEEEEEEEEEEE" screams Bickie, an Atbalmin tribesman, 137cm tall. He disappears in the trees.

"Well, what do you think of it?" I shout.

"I am afraid in the first place," shouts Sali, laughing. Sali is a Telefomin, big-boned, big-muscled, big-hearted, with a tremendous figure, reads and writes English, and paid 700 kina, 4 bows and 2 axes for his wife. He lowers the pack.

"Everything is down," he shouts.

We are shouting over the roar. It is a huge river, one of the great rivers of the world, wide, deep, white-capped, booming and rapid. The bridge itself is spanned between two high wood buttresses in two clumps of trees, built at great altitude to compensate for the sag over the water, sixty metres across, with two thick vines on each side holding two or three hundred small support vines, which in turn hold a runner of bamboo as thick as a high-wire rope. This is what we are supposed to walk across on. Half the small support vines are snapped in two, and the first twenty metres of sustaining vines dangle above the water.

By God, I think, no one has seen the possibilities of their own death till this moment.

"We'll fix it!" I shout.

"It's very hard," cries Sali. "I don't know how to manage."

He shakes his head and frowns full scale. Both eyebrows drop almost to his cheekbones. He has painted his forehead with iridescent turquoise butterfly dust in honor of the mighty Sepik, and has his best outfit on — a pair of dark blue Puma running shorts sold to him by the Baptist missionaries. He is only twenty-three.

"Right!" he shouts. "Get the rope!"

"Five kina bonus today!" I shout.

"Bickie! Bickie! Bickie!" yells Sali, laughing. Bickie appears out of the jungle, his face streaked with violet and orange dye, wearing a child's red bathing suit and T-shirt, his chest rounded out, his short powerful legs in a trot, trailing two long vines he has cut, climbs the buttress, tears the vines with his teeth, and wraps the first support pole back into place.

Two hours later, we are ready to attempt a crossing.

"Concentrate!" shouts Sali.

"Right!" I shout.

"Right. You just come up here, Jean. . . "

The *climb* nearly scares me to death. I look down into the bouncing foam. Trees shoot past from a landslide. Jets of water jump 10 metres in the air off the boulders, midstream. The mountains rise 2000m on either side. A familiar aroma of mud fills the air.

"Concentrate!" shouts Sali. "You are just walking across the river. That is all. You hold the vines at the top. Very firm. You don't have worry about the legs. Right?"

"Right!" I cry.

I am going first. Sali and Bickie have repaired the first 25 metres that were dangling. The last 40 metres are a mystery.

"Okay!" shouts Sali.

"Adios!" I start.

"Wait," yells Sali. "In case the vine break. . . "

I stop.

"Yeah?"

I am two metres out from the buttress, arms over my head holding the left and right support vines, and balancing barefoot on the bamboo runner, while Bickie smiles up at me like a dancing partner.

"Hold it firm if it break!" shouts Sali. "And then you *fly* down to the river. So you know, that's fine."

"Right! I just fly down into the goddamned boulders!" I shout.

"Right!"

"Thank you!"

"Tank you!" shouts Bickie.

"Okay, so if you want now to take a walk across, Jean. . . " says Sali. The Kowoptamins had warned us that morning nobody alive or dead, ghost or human, could cross this bridge.

Ten metres out the spray hits my feet, and goes up my skirt. This is the last sort of thing I was expecting — a geyser, rising off the rocks with the force of an anti-riot hose, aimed directly up my hem. But there is no stopping now. Up my calves, over my knees, and into the leg bands of my underpants. Horrible sensation. Twenty metres further, I hear a POP! Don't look now! I look. A vine holding the bamboo runner completely snaps in two. Just like that. POP! Then another. POP! POP! And *another.* And now what? Next the whole bridge! No doubt! It's wobbling under my weight. I walk on, not at a great clip, but a clip, every nerve in my body ending in the balls of my feet. The universe turns into a flashing and sparkling fog. I keep going. The deafening noise, the soggy air, the birds swooping, the flying insects, the twinkling splatter, the boulders, the geysers, the bamboo under my bare feet, the pop pop pop, pop, pop of the vines, never, my heart seems about to blot me out, not anywhere. . . These are the most exhilarating seconds of my life — when I reach the Atbalmin side Bickie sends up a high, rolling, yodelling, joyful exultation, which even *I* can hear, and pounds his chest, slaps his forehead, dances on one leg, and nearly goes over the side with the food.

When we are all across, with the packs, and drink a toast in celebration and eat the last of the crackers, and bid Adios Arrivederci to the mighty Sepik and hit the track again up a mountain, Bickie immediately starts talking and laughing about the *next* river we have to cross.

●

Time to eat dinner.

Sali and Bickie are calling from the bush hut. Yes, getting out of the tent is going to kill me. Eating frogs is going to kill me too, and my feet, in the end it is my feet that will annihilate me off the landscape. Well, well, I didn't think I could crawl out of the tent so easily with my bad knee. There are two fern beds in the bush hut and a fire with a pot of water on it. Across the fire sit Sali and Bickie. Night is falling. Six o'clock. How festive we are when night falls, laughing and farting around the roaring fire! Yes, farts for me at this time are a real pleasure. Did I say six o'clock? It must be more toward six-thirty. Sali is half a page into his nightly reading of Dr Joyce Brothers' *What Every Woman Should Know About Men.* And five degrees south of the equator, 3000km north of Sydney, all is dark by seven. And dusk was coming on when Sali and Bickie finished building the bush hut. The trees they hacked down! "What sentence are you on?" I say.

"The man worry about the size of his penis," says Sali. "He worry about whether he satisfy as her previous lovers."

"Ah well," I say.

"He worry about whether she have an orgasm," says Sali. "He worry if he is muster booting."

"What?"

"Miester booting," says Sali.

"Masturbating?" I say, laughing.

"Yeah, masturbating," says Sali, laughing.

"Do you know what that is?" I say.

"No," says Sali.

"Ahk! Sex without a woman," I say.

"Huh?" says Sali, stunned.

"Just by yourself," I say.

Sali ruminates.

"Now don't tell me Telefomin guys don't do that," I say.

"No," says Sali.

"They do it all the time," I say. "Don't they?"

"Yeah," says Sali, laughing.

"Let's ask Bickie!" I say, laughing.

Bickie starts giggling.

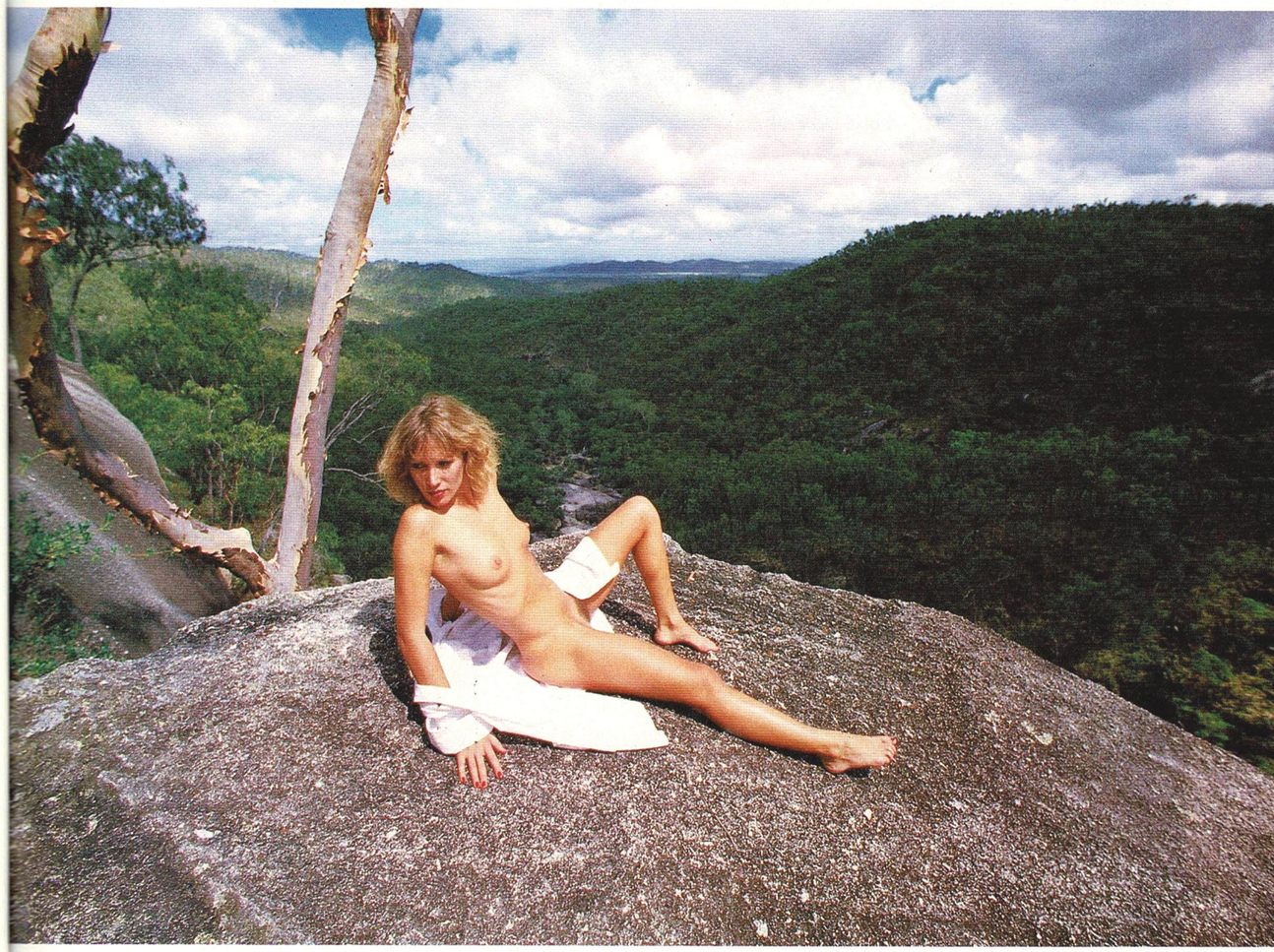
Sali translates.

(continued on page 110)

"It is very striking, but I had my heart set on turkey."

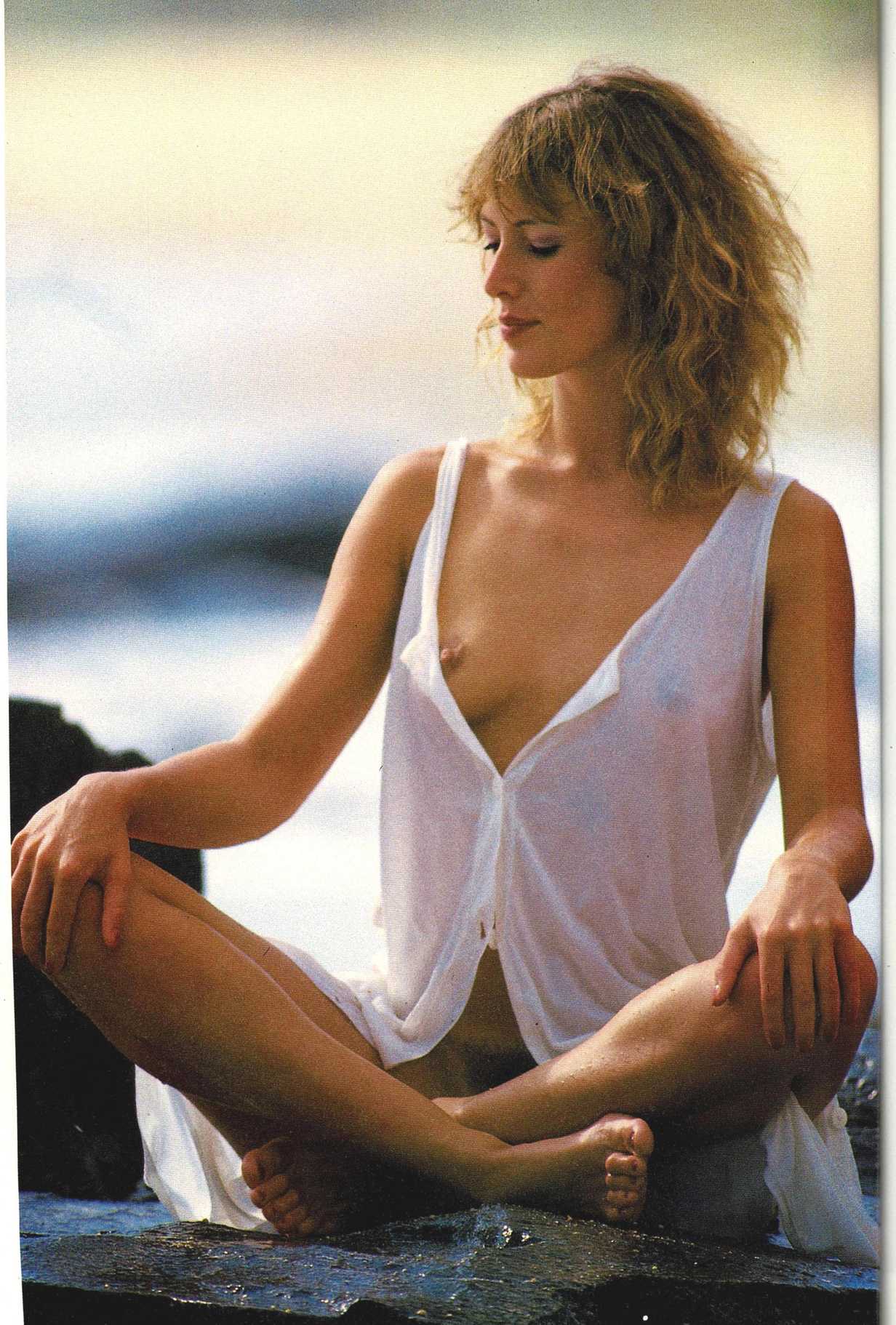
The Iron Curtain's loss is Australia's gain

FROM EAST BERLIN WITH LOVE

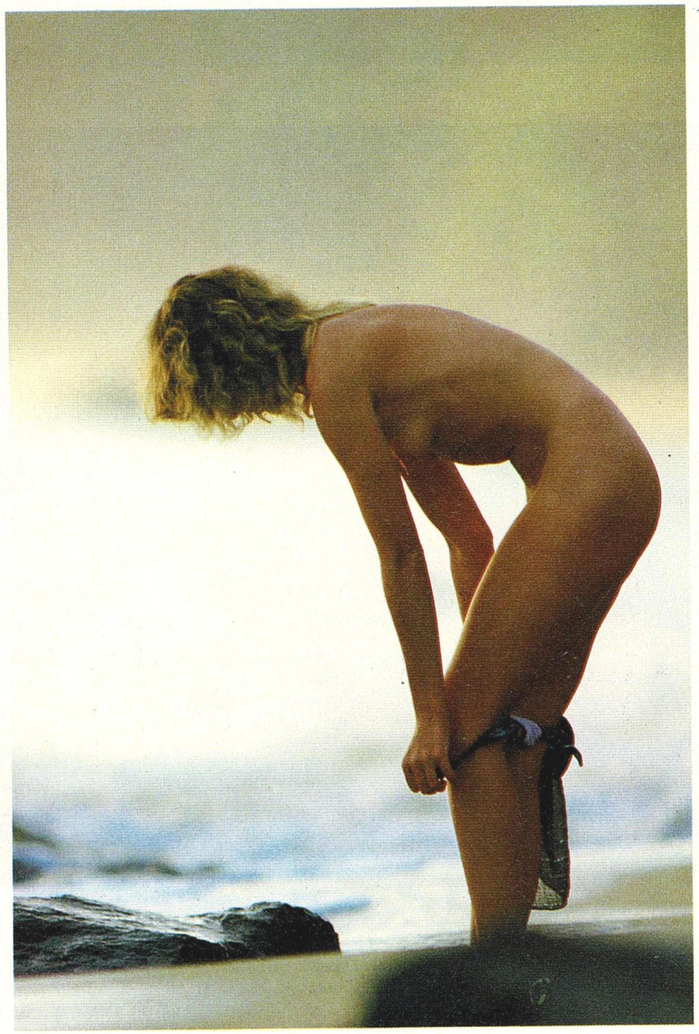


East German model Monika Uhrig spent years dreaming about her holiday of a lifetime — in Australia. But she never dreamt that holiday would cost her a home, her friends and her citizenship. Monika had enjoyed travel privileges as an East German citizen, provided she travelled in Eastern bloc countries. But when she first let authorities know she really wanted to visit Australia, the authorities let her know they didn't approve. As soon as she lodged an application to visit Australia, restrictions were imposed on her. Her

normal travel to neighboring Eastern bloc countries became increasingly difficult until she was informed that travel to even these countries was denied her. Monika became more determined to achieve her ambition of flying to Australia and she began what was to become a three and a half year battle. Every week during those long, bitter three and a half years Monika visited the authorities to check on the progress of her application, and to let them know just how serious she was. She also studied English full-time at



day school so she'd be able to communicate when she eventually embarked on her dream holiday. Finally, two years ago, the authorities became so sick of her persistent weekly visits they said she would be allowed to fly to Sydney — at the expense of her East German citizenship. Monika had no alternative but to agree to their terms, and on a cold tearful East Berlin day she arrived at the airport to catch the flight that would take her to Sydney, but also take her permanently from home. However, soon after



her arrival in Sydney, Monika began to smile again when she realised that Australia could be more than an extended holiday. Perhaps one day she could call Australia home.

Since her arrival in Australia Monika has shown she's got what it takes to be a dinki di Aussie sheila. She loves the sun and the beaches, and adores fishing, swimming and camping. She knows how to pull a good beer and has been practising the art of being an Aussie barmaid in several Queensland pubs. She's also taken on modelling work and as this pictorial, shot on location near Cairns, shows, she has the necessary qualifications. On top of all this Monika also plays a mean game of backgammon — and she can tell a bloody good joke.

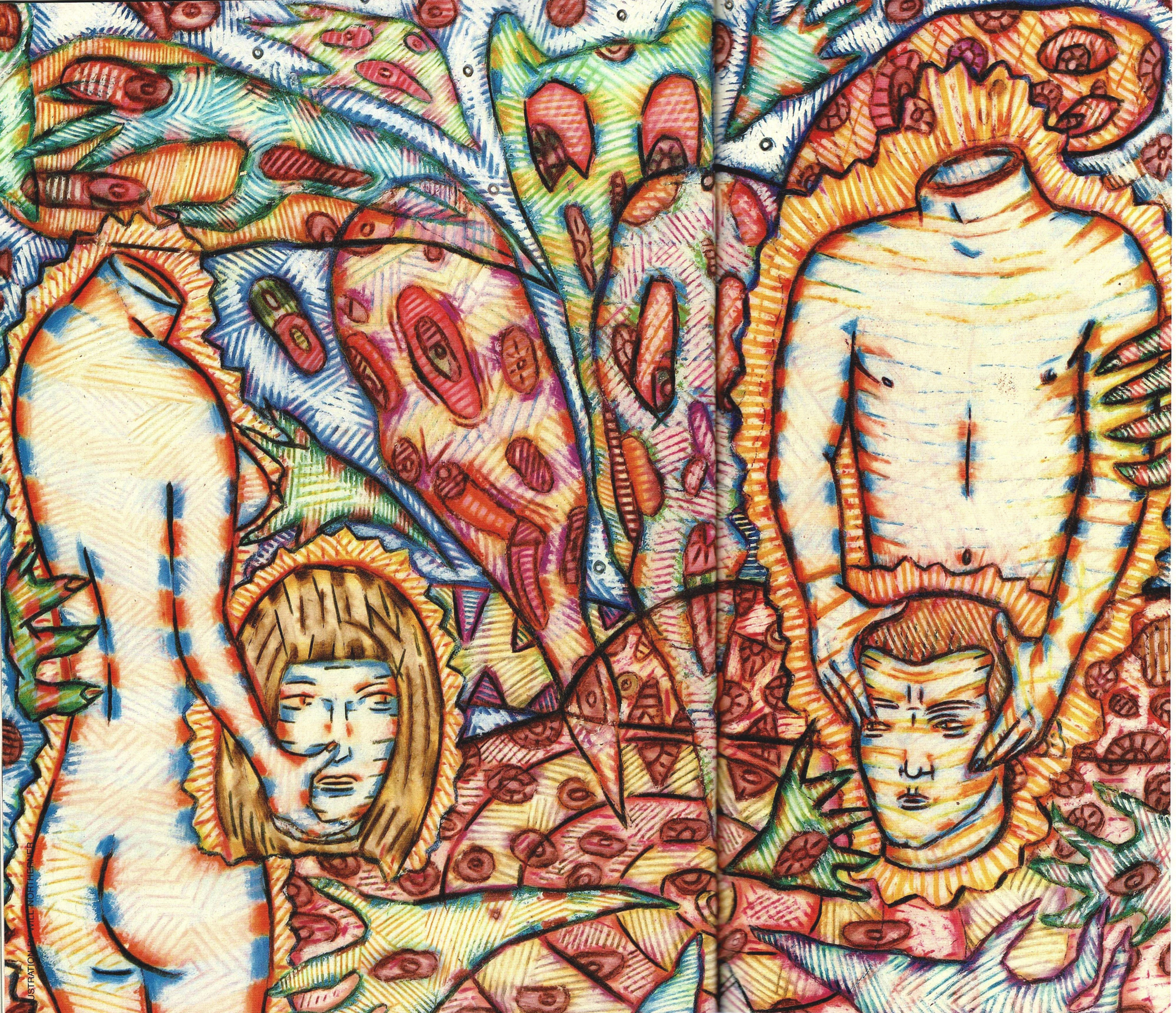


ILLUSTRATION BY WILLE NORTHENER

AIDS: THE NEW ANDROMEDA STRAIN?

Author Michael Crichton discusses the risk of being suddenly single in the age of AIDS.

THE ENGAGEMENT BREAKS up, the ring is returned, the relationship of three years comes to a close: tears, slamming doors, packing clothes. And then, unexpectedly, on my own again; and unbidden comes the thought: *It's not a good time to be playing the field.* I see my friend David at the gym. We ride the exercycles side by side.

"How's it going with Beth?" he asks.

"We broke up last week."

"Jeez, I'm sorry. Is it really over?"

"Yeah. She moved out, David."

"Jeez. So, are you single again?"

"Yeah, single man, playing the field." I am 44 and an unattached bachelor, something I never imagined would happen.

On a business trip interstate, I have a date. My first date in three years. I'm a bit rusty with small talk. Over lunch we talk about the theatre; her son's school; her impending divorce; her work; my work. She's pretty and lively. We have a clear rapport. The lunch is cleared and cappuccino is brought and a silence falls, the sort of pause where somebody clears their throat and somebody else says, "Well, this has been fun," and perhaps another date is arranged, perhaps for that night,

perhaps for tomorrow night. A night date, with all that that implies. The pause falls over the table, and in that pause she says brightly: "So. What do you think about AIDS?"

I'm surprised at the question. It is only too clear that she's really saying, *I am thinking about having sex with you and that makes me think of AIDS.*

I say, "Not much."

"It's all my girlfriends talk about. My sister wants every man to have a blood test before she'll go to bed with them."

I think, *I'm glad you're not your sister.*

"That seems a little extreme," I say.

"Well," she says, "you never know who other people have been to bed with." She is staring at me in a certain way, an appraising way.

Like I'm a purchase she might make.

All I can think of is to say, "Are you asking if I'm bisexual?"

"No, no." She looks away, embarrassed. That *is* what she was asking.

"Then what?"

"Heterosexuals can get it, too. They say a lot of prostitutes have it." Still looking at me, watching me.

"Well," I say, "I've been in an exclusive relationship for the past three years."

"All the newspaper and TV reports are so frightening."

"Yes," I say. "But so far the risk of heterosexual transmission is pretty small."

"*So far,*" she says, finishing her cappuccino. "But what about five years from now?"

Her insistent contradictions confuse me. I don't understand where it's leading. Are we having an argument? Is she deciding against me? Is this woman so frightened of AIDS that she's going to turn down a second date with me?

"Who knows about five years from now?" I say to her. "You could be dead from a car crash next week."

"True, true." She is nodding now, sudden agreement. "I had a friend, she was always so healthy, watched her diet, and she died in a car crash."

"You have to balance the risks," I say, nodding.

We are both nodding. Things are going much better.

"You really think the risk of AIDS is overstated?" she asks, resting her hand on my arm.

"I really do." I look into her eyes.

"Okay," she says. And she squeezes my arm.

So what is this, I wonder, as we stumble out of the restaurant into the afternoon sunlight. Verbal foreplay? Some kinky routine where I talk her out of her fear of AIDS before she'll go to bed with me? She must be weirder than I thought.

But it turned out she wasn't weird at all. She was simply my first date in three years. And I hadn't yet understood the reality of dating in the '80s: that everybody out there, men and women alike, is afraid of getting AIDS.

●

A phone call to my office. Someone wants me to speak at a medical convention on "AIDS: The Modern Day *Andromeda Strain*". I get invitations like this every few weeks.

"No," I say to the caller. "I won't do that."

"You'd be performing a public service."

"No, I wouldn't. Because AIDS is not *The Andromeda Strain.* And people don't need to be made more fearful right now."

For the past year, the rumors have been flying. The AIDS virus was manufactured by the CIA. (It unquestionably wasn't.) Mosquitoes can infect you with the AIDS virus. (Unproven, and unlikely.) Doctors who care for AIDS patients are getting the disease. (None has, except those in a known risk group.) One hundred percent of the population of Zaire now has AIDS. (Wrong.)

So I am not going to add to the rumors in any way. I refuse to speak.

"I don't know," the caller says. "There's a lot of interest out there about the whole subject of AIDS."

That, I think, is putting it mildly.

●

Marilyn says, "I was going to hire Jim, but at the last minute I changed my mind, and hired someone else."

"Why?"

"Well, he's gay."

"So?"

"So I have a small office, and there's only one bathroom. Everybody in the office uses the same bathroom."

"You're kidding," I say, thinking, *You wouldn't hire a gay guy because you didn't want him using the same bathroom as you?*

"I just don't want to take the chance," Marilyn says.

"But you can't get AIDS from using the same bathroom."

"I just don't want to take the chance."

●

By now it is several months since the end of my relationship, and I don't wake up feeling sad any more, and I am dating lots of women. And I am becoming accustomed to these inevitable, and seemingly interminable, conversations about AIDS. It seems to be a feature of every new relationship, something that has to be talked about.

●

Her apartment, late at night. I've never been there before. She is on the phone in the next room with her ex-husband, who has called unexpectedly. I am in the living-room, trying not to listen. I set down my wine glass next to hers, get up off the couch, walk around the room, touching things, looking.

I don't know this woman well; she is an artist and sometime model; bright, quick, and full of contradictions. I know little about her background, but she is a terrific woman now.

I come to the bookcase, scan titles of books on art, on Italian literature, photography. . . She has a lot of photography books. Idly, I open a couple. Some of them have themes of bondage: male bodies in narcissistic poses, hard lighting, studded leather. The imagery is homosexual, though some women appear here, too.

On one page, a picture of her. Among all the male bodies. She's nude and she's very beautiful. But she's among all these male leather-strapped bodies. And I think, *Uh Oh.*

I have a vision of the photographer's studio, all these people walking around, in states of undress, talking, mingling. I have a vision of her bohemian artist's avant-garde background stretching back over the years. In my mind's eye, her life starts to look different to me. This woman isn't exciting and exotic any more. She's dangerous.

Now I'm looking through the front of the book, trying to find the publication date. How long ago were these shenanigans? 1981. Doesn't tell me much.

She comes back into the room, blowing hair out of her face, exasperated. "Sorry about that."

"It's okay." She drops on to the couch next to me. "I've told him not to call late. I think he does it because he knows I have people over."

I'm thinking, *How often do you have people over? How many? Any bisexuals? Any of these guys in the pictures?* I dislike myself for these thoughts, but I have them.

"Were you able to amuse yourself?" she asks me, sipping her wine. "Oh, I see you found the books."

"Yes."

"I don't look like that any more," she says. "Those pictures were taken years before they were published. They were all done in 1975 or so."

Whew, I think.

"Really," she says. "I have to warn you. I don't look like that any more."

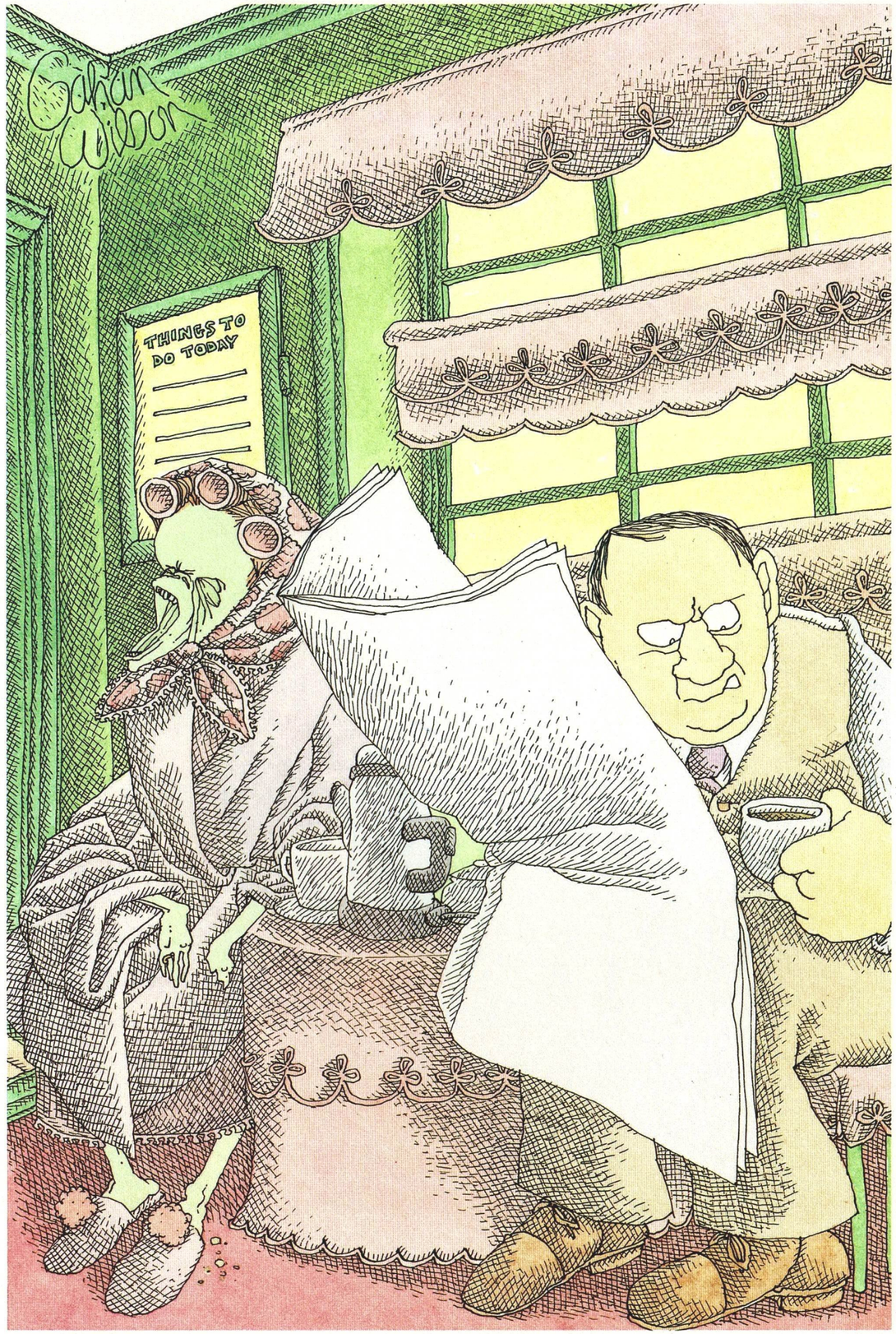
"That's okay," I say. "That's really fine."

●

In the face of all the fear and the tension, it's possible to overlook some advantages to the new situation of the 1980s.

After the age of 30, I lost my taste for swift conquest. I began to have other goals, other reasons for spending time with a woman. And by then I had learned certain facts, such as the fact that if you really liked a woman, you shouldn't jump into bed with her right away. Not out of some old-fashioned idea of respect for her, out of respect for the relationship you hoped to have, because there was something about the sex act that tended to halt a relationship in its tracks, at least for a while. You stopped becoming friends, and you became lovers, which was something else. So if you wanted a good relationship, an interesting and complex relationship based on friendship, you were better off postponing sex for a while.

(continued on page 108)



"This coffee seems a little staler every morning, Edwina!"

PHOTO BY CHRIS ELFES

NETTING BIG BUCK$

Aussie basketball is shaping up to be the new boom sport. Award-winning sports writer Bret Harris reports.

BASKETBALL, ONCE REGARDED in Australia as only a girl's game or something the boys did behind the shelter shed when they weren't talking about sex, has suddenly become our fastest growing sport. The game is

Brisbane Bullets cheer squad: all fired up for their heroes.

Craig Fitzsimmons (Perth Wildcats) confronts Brisbane Bullets' Leroy Loggins: 1987 NBL final.

experiencing a boom which has been felt from the Indian Ocean to the Pacific, and the National Basketball League is embarking on a brash promotional master-plan which it hopes in years to come will ensure the sport netts big bucks and is regarded as a glamor game.

And to date the NBL's masterplan has been right on target — the NBL October 1987 grand final in Brisbane, between the Brisbane Bullets and the Perth Wildcats, attracted 12,236 spectators, a record crowd for an Australian indoor sporting event. The final was televised live in Queensland, taking the top rating for the evening with 36 points, the first time the station, BTQ-7, had won the ratings battle on a Friday night. Even more amazing, the televised basketball final outdrew, in Queensland, the Jeff Fenech-Carlos Zarate world title fight and the Ivan Lendl-Pat Cash tennis showdown.

The Brisbane Bullets won the finals clash, and it was highly symbolic that the Bullets coach, Brian Kerle, adopted a "back to reality" pre-match training strategy which reminded all of the great leap forward basketball has made in Australia in the past decade. Kerle transferred the Bullets' practice session from their home court at the majestic Boondall Plaza complex to a small tin-shed stadium in the leafy riverside suburb, Auchenflower. Auchenflower was where it all began for the Bullets and Kerle wanted the players to appreciate their humble beginnings. More people (300) were present at that training session than in fact turned up to see Brisbane play when the National Basketball League began in 1979!

The psychological manoeuvre worked wonders for Brisbane; they blew Perth away in the deciding game by 23 points.

Earlier this decade, officials of the NBL boldly predicted basketball would be the sport of the '80s in Australia, a claim seemingly justified by the October '87 finals game, and the phenomenal growth of the sport since 1979. Moreover, the record-breaking attendances in Brisbane are indicative of attendance trends across the nation, for Brisbane, albeit the largest, is only one link in the chain of basketball lightning which has struck the Australian sporting landscape. The NBL, which is approaching the magic million mark in attendance figures, has also achieved astonishing growth in cities such as Canberra, Adelaide, Wollongong, Hobart and more recently Perth, a remarkable achievement for an American game which does not enjoy a traditional base of public support like the four codes of football.

Basketball is at least three generations behind sports such as Australian football, rugby league, rugby union and soccer, but it is playing catch-up at an amazing pace. The fact last season's grand final series was contested between two teams which lie on opposite sides of the continent underlines the success of the NBL in promoting a genuinely national competition.

The rise of basketball in the 1980s provides a role model for other sports which are serious about expanding nationally, and indeed other codes are emulating the game's promotion and development policies.

When I started writing about basketball for *The Australian* in 1986 many journalists who had dealt with the NBL told me how much I would enjoy the job. Unlike the major codes, which often view the media with suspicion and contempt, the NBL's public relations machine was a slick operation. Journalists were made to feel welcome and NBL coaches and officials went out of their way to feed them story-lines to keep the copy flowing.

The NBL clubs ventured into the sports market place to promote their game actively with American razzmatazz and hoopla. Show-bands and dancing girls, scorned by sports purists, are an integral part of basketball's night of entertainment.

The sum total of the media coverage of the inaugural NBL grand final between St Kilda Saints and Canberra Cannons at Albert Park Stadium in 1979 was a mere eight paragraphs in the *Melbourne Herald*. Since then, however, there have been massive increases in print, television and radio coverage, and public awareness of basketball has exploded as a result.

The articulate and personable general manager of the NBL, Bill Palmer, says:

(continued on page 112)

"Why, thank you! I'd love to dance!"

KIMBERLEY RAGES

Fun lovin' centrefold Kimberley Conrad sure knows how to party hearty

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

When she arrived home from holidays, sexy model Kimberley Conrad had a little trouble at the airport with Customs. The problem wasn't that she was carrying contraband or had made the top-ten wanted list. . . it was her outfit. That day Kimberley had on her raging gear — leopard-skin pants, bare mid-riff blouse and silver pumps — and it took a couple of Customs officers close to an hour to clear her.''I wouldn't have minded, but I was on my way to my home-coming bash,'' she said. ''I couldn't wait.'' When Customs asked the reason for her big hurry, Kimberley said: ''Pleasure.''

"The best part of sex for me is after or before — just kissing, touching, being close. I love that. I love holding and hugging and kissing. It sounds corny, but that's how I feel."

After her airport encounter with Customs, Kimberley made her party on time — still attired in leopard pants, *bustier* blouse and silver heels — and wowed the crowd. "Two men asked if they could buy my outfit right off my back," she says. No dice, Miss February told prospective buyers. "But I appreciated the thought." A lingerie fan, she even remembers what she had on *under* that costume. "A g-string. And under the blouse, of course, no bra. You can't wear a bra with a get-up like that." Who would want her to? "I feel sensuous in fine lingerie," she says. "I really think the key to being sexy is to *think* that way. I can be a flirt, but I'm very passionate by nature. In bed, I think about pleasing my man — if it pleases him, that pleases me." When her partner is a camera, she says, "it's almost the same thing. As a model, I try to please the camera. I think of sexy things, garter belts and French lace bras. I try to please the camera. A model has to seduce the camera. In most of my life I may be shy, but when I get in front of a camera, things change. The camera makes me feel like strutting my stuff. So I do." Seduced yet?

NAME
Kimberley Conrad

BUST
91cm (36")

WAIST
61cm (24")

HIPS
91cm (36")

HEIGHT
175cm

WEIGHT
55kg

BIRTH DATE
6.8.63

SIGN
Leo

AMBITIONS
To be financially self-sufficient, to do a *Playboy* cover, and to travel the world.

TURN-ONS
Levi's 501 jeans, sexy lingerie, midnight walks on the beach, G-strings.

TURN-OFFS
Gossip, pretentious people, early-morning phone calls.

FAVORITE BOOKS
The Name Of The Rose, Hollywood Wives

FAVORITE PERFORMERS
David Bowie, Bon Jovi, Simply Red

SECRET FANTASY
I'm in a casino in Monte Carlo and receive a formal invitation to dine on a private yacht. When I arrive I'm the only guest. My host pours the champagne, our eyes meet. . . who knows?

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Kimberley Conrad

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man, an emu and a cat walked into a bar. The man ordered three glasses of beer and they drank them down. Then the emu shouted, and once again the three sat there quietly drinking.

At this point, however, there was a bit of an awkward pause, since the cat seemed most reluctant to front up to the bar, but eventually, after some rather hostile glares from the man and the emu, he got his round.

When it was the man's turn again, the barman said, "I hope you don't mind me asking, but we very rarely see a bloke drinking with an emu and a cat. I'm sure there must be an interesting story behind it."

"Not really," replied the man. "I was simply lost in the desert once, dying of thirst, when I found an old bottle. When I rubbed it a genie appeared, who took me back to safety and promised me any wish I desired. So I asked for a tall bird with a tight pussy."

Philosophical graffito spotted in the bathroom of a sex-change clinic: WE MAY NEVER PISS THIS WAY AGAIN.

The guest from out of town was very late for the wedding and arrived feeling hot and bothered, and more than a little confused.

"Who gave the bride away?" he whispered to the fellow next to him.

"Any guy here could have," grinned his neighbor, "but we all agreed to keep our mouths shut."

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," stammered the embarrassed young man in the confessional.

"Yes, my son," answered the priest, "and what is it you've done?"

"Well, Father," came the reply, "my wife had just opened the fridge door, and was leaning over with the light shining through her dress and, I'm sorry, Father, I just couldn't resist, I came up behind her, hitched up her skirt, pulled down her knickers and. . . engaged in sexual intercourse."

"Well that's not too bad, my son," replied the priest. "Just say three Hail Marys."

"You mean you're not disgusted, Father?"

"Not at all, my son. Why should I be?"

"Well all the other people in the supermarket were!"

The handsome young student was at the fancy dress hirers, explaining his problem to the girl behind the counter.

"I've been invited to a fancy dress party," he said, "but I've only got two dollars. Can you help?"

"Yes, I think so," smiled the assistant. "How about going as Adam, we can do you a fig leaf for $1.95. Just strip off and I'll make sure I get one the right size."

After a little persuasion the student stripped off.

"I'd say you were medium," the assistant said, eyeing him with interest. With that she climbed up the shop step-ladder. She was wearing a micro mini dress, and the student got a fine view as she reached the top step. So much so that when she came down it was obvious that a large-sized fig leaf would be necessary. So she went back up the ladder again.

Her second ascent assured that an even larger leaf was required. She looked around and picked out an extra large model, but by the time she returned, even that was too small.

"I'm sorry, sir, but you're too big for our fig leaf range," she said with a smile. "Might I suggest this?"

With that she produced a large cardboard box with the word "Super" written on it. "Put this on your head and go as a petrol pump."

I know a young waitress from Bude
Who's randy, reckless and rude.
She once lay on my table
Till the boss cried out, "Mabel!
The money's to pay for the food!"

A mouse and an elephant were walking along one day when the elephant lost control and fell in the ditch next to the road and became stuck. The mouse knew that he couldn't get the elephant out of the ditch by himself so he went home and got his Porsche, then he returned and used the car to pull the stricken animal out.

The pair got under way again, but the mouse suddenly tripped and fell in the ditch himself. The elephant realised the mouse couldn't get out, but he didn't know how to rescue him because he had no rope of any kind. Finally he lowered his metre-long penis down to the mouse, who grabbed hold of it and was pulled out.

The moral of this story is that you don't need a Porsche if you've got a big enough dick.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Here comes your tomato surprise, sir."

ILLUSTRATION BY COLLIDE

THE '60s DID THEY SWING OR DID THEY SUCK?

Denim-diehards claim the 1960s saved the world. But to others the decade was just a drugged-out wank.

Comment by

HARLAN ELLISON

SEVEN-LEAGUE STRIDES have been made in driving the words nigger, coon, dago, wog, and sheila back to the darkness from which they shambled. (Which is not to say there is any less bigotry and racism around; it's just that even the most slope-browed trog knows it ain't cool to use such catchy appellations in *nouvelle* society.)

Consigning those words to the scrapheap is one of the small benefits we derived from the heightened social consciousness of the '60s; one of the uncountable number of good things the '60s and their action handed down to us, who are now trying

to cope with the '80s. It has become Accepted Wisdom that those who were "active" in the '60s (actually the decade roughly beginning with the inauguration of John F. Kennedy as US president in 1961 and ending with the disgrace of Richard Nixon in 1973) gave us nothing of value. That it was a 12-year carnival of clowns. That it was a cultural aberration, from which the rich and prosperous '80s, in all their grandeur, derive no noble legacy.

Strap me in the chair, turn on the juice, and fry my fruit salad: I remember a *different* '60s. One the bashers labor mightily to discredit. The '60s *I* remember were a time of life being lived at the edge of the skin, one filled with an entire generation of concerned, active people throwing off the restrictions of two hundred years of cultural hypocrisy and repression, challenging authority, refusing to believe the advertising-promoted lies about life and ethics that had been the hallmark of John Wayne's '50s.

There was music in the land during the '60s. Not just the sound of The Beatles or Dylan or Motown, but a song that spoke of human involvement. A melody of strength and commitment, to responsibility and giving a damn about the conditions of life for everyone, not just those who could make the best bottom-line showing on the year-end annual report.

I was not a kid during the '60s. I was born in 1934, (also not a terrific year). I was on the cusp of 30 when it all started, just about at that Never Trust Anyone Over age. But I was a kid in the '40s and I managed to live through the '50s, if one uses the broadest definition of "living." And therein lies the core of why the '60s were, and remain, so important. The '50s: anyone who forgets or never knew what the West was like during those years of the military draft, the war in Korea, the free and blithe testing of nuclear weapons, the miasma of fear produced by the anti-communist witchhunt, the blacklists, the Cold War hysteria, the selling of handy backyard atomic bomb shelters . . . simply does not remember just what an uptight, terrified place this place was.

In the '50s, anyone who did not subscribe to the idea that going to war was nobler than opting out, emptying bedpans in a hospital, and coming on as a conscientious objector, was looked on as subversive, suspect and cowardly. In the '50s, if you wanted to be a star of the first magnitude, you changed your name from Julius Garfinkle to John Garfield, from Margarita Carmen Cansino to Rita Hayworth, from Walter Matasschanskayasky to Walter Matthau; you didn't even conceive of the possibility of getting a studio to make a picture starring anyone as "unbankable" as someone with a name like Arnold Schwarzenegger, Meryl Streep or Emilio Estevez.

But I was no kid as the '60s came rattling their changes. I do not look back on those times with blinkers and sigh for the good old days. Though I was a part of much of it — the civil rights wars, the rise of the feminist movement, the anti-nuclear protests, the restructuring of political attitudes — I was *in* it, but not *of* it. Though I marched with Martin Luther King and got myself on Governor Reagan's subversives list, I never accepted the bullshit of much of what individuals were doing; the gaffes and peccadilloes that the bashers now use to dimiss *everything* of consequence in that 12-year decade.

Like them, I snigger at streaking as the fad of choice; wince at the self-consciousness of protest folksingers; revile the irresponsibility of Leary turning so many idiots on to LSD; question the efficacy of Allen Ginsberg trying to levitate the Pentagon; and am simply reduced to porridge at the memory of a Woodstock audience believing if it chanted in unison it could stop the rain pissing on its holy ceremony. I praise the song of the '60s, but I haven't preserved my bell-bottom Levi's with the applique'd butterfly in misty adoration of a halcyon era softened by memory, or in expectation of its return, no matter *how* big a resurgence paisley is having.

The bashers can correctly ridicule a brainless philosophy like Don't Trust Anyone Over 30, but the song of the '60s was also No War Toys, and I'd hate to lose that baby with the bathwater of triviality. One truth remains: you judge, at your peril, an entire decade and its activists by the worst of its adherents. All but those who have a secret agenda for making us ashamed of our past understand that a time and a movement are evaluated on the basis of the *best*, not the dumbest.

In 1961 the first real awareness that television was turning us into a nation of functional illiterates was voiced by one Newton Minow, who told an American National Association Of Broadcasters convention, "I invite you to sit down in front of your television set when your station goes on the air, *and stay there.* You will see a vast wasteland — a procession of game shows, violence, audience participation shows, formula comedies about totally unbelievable families. . . blood and thunder. . . mayhem, sadism, murder. . . private eyes, more violence, and cartoons. . . and, endlessly, commercials — many screaming, cajoling, and offending. . . " The networks didn't hear the song Minow was singing; and today they've lost almost half their audience. As Santayana told us, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."

All through the '40s and '50s we were told that rampant urban development was *progress!* Pave it over, tear it down, plough it under. In the '60s we learned that we are all part of the planetary chain — remember *The Whole Earth Catalog* — and a magical environment awareness blossomed.

In the '60s, we took notice as American women got "equal pay for equal work" from the 1963 Congress and the beginnings of success in sexual harassment lawsuits; Betty Friedan founded the National Organisation for Women; "women's menus" sans prices began to disappear; the topless bathing suit introduced by Rudi Gernreich led to a general abandonment by young women of brassieres staved with metal that produced breast cancer; and by 1969 pantyhose had replaced girdles, garter belts and nylons, save for those who chose to use them in the privacy of the sexual arena. Martina Navratilova would not today be a millionaire several times over, had not Billie Jean King perceived that whipping the crap out of Bobby Riggs was an object lesson for the sons of *machismo,* and not just a cheap show filled with megabucks.

Nothin' happened in the '60s, oh my bashers?

You want to talk responsibility? Consider something as trivial as celebrity. Apart from those who, in any era, would be too frivolous to care even if we were sloughing through a Nuclear Winter, in the '40s and '50s the "social involvement" of celebrities was largely manifested by their betraying one another in front of the House UnAmerican Activities Committee during the era of McCarthyism. In the '60s we saw a dawning awareness of the power of celebrity, coupled with a sense of personal worth and responsibility on the part of showbiz personalities and sports heroes. Muhammad Ali laid it all on the line rather than serve in a war he felt was wrong, a war he had the nerve, the gall, the *chutzpah* to point out was dedicated to killing his people, and people like *his* people. They busted him, jailed him, and stripped him of his title. And some schmucks were so dopey on JohnWayneism that they suggested he was *afraid* to go. Tell that to Joe Frazier.

The faces we knew from the covers of the color magazines were the faces we saw in daily newscasts, marching through Alabama under the gunsights of rednecks and state troopers, being dragged across the pavement like sacks of millet during anti-war protests. Brando, Fonda, Newman, Baez, Lancaster and even Vanessa Redgrave (like her position or not) demonstrated that merely taking the money and giving nothing back was a '50s aberration (and has become *de rigueur* in the '80s).

We came to learn in the '60s that one person *could* make a difference: Martin Luther King Jr dedicating and finally giving up his life that part of a nation might see out of the eyes of the other part; Rachel Carson almost singlehandedly raising the alarm that we are killing the earth beneath our feet, alerting a generation to its responsibility to something as arcane as a planet; John Kennedy, for good or bad the youngest president the US ever elected, killing papist bigotry where the highest office in the land was concerned, and bringing to his constituency a love of literature and the arts that not even Reagan can wholly expunge from American priorities, try though he

(continued on page 104)

"Well, it does say 'Serve at room temperature'."

20 QUESTIONS: KATE CEBERANO

I'm Talking's lead singer starts talking — about jazz, star quality, sexual relationships, and not selling through the groin.

When Kate Ceberano grips the microphone, closes her eyes and loses herself in one of the great jazz classics, it is easy to believe she is calling on the legacy of former lives, lived maybe in Chicago, New York or New Orleans, when jazz was making the transition from cri-de-coeur of the underdog to a popular musical genre.

You can't take your eyes off her. She squeezes the words for every nuance, her exotic face reflecting their message, her liquid honey voice being drawn by the music, shaping the sounds with compassion and sensitivity. As a jazz singer she has few peers in this country.

And yet this is the same woman who jives like a whirling dervish around the stage, fronting chartbusting rock/pop band I'm Talking, in which role she has twice, in 1986 and '87, won the Countdown award for Australia's Most Popular Female Vocalist.

Ceberano first burst into national prominence with I'm Talking's top ten hit Trust Me nearly three years ago. This was quickly followed with the very successful Love Don't Live Here Any More. The group's debut album Bear Witness was released in 1986 and two excellent tracks, Lead The Way and Do You Wanna Be, charted well.

But if you'd hung around Melbourne's Angler's Club in the days before I'm Talking got off the ground you'd have heard, and been blown away by, a remarkably accomplished 17-year-old Ceberano leaning on a piano and singing jazz and soul with a conviction and style that belied her youth. Australian Playboy's contributing editor ***Rennie Ellis*** *was at the Angler's Club one night when members of Linda Ronstadt's band dropped by and jammed with Kate and her trio. "The Americans were very impressed," he remembers.*

In 1986 Ceberano formed a group with some of Melbourne's best jazz musicians, including pianist Jex Saarelaht. The group, backed by discerning entrepreneur Clifford Hocking, gave some very well received concerts and then released the album Kate Ceberano And Her Septet. In September 1987, performing in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, she won the $13,790 first prize at the Asia-Pacific Broadcasting Union Song Festival for Melbourne pianist and composer Alan Zavod and his song Time Can't Keep Us Apart.

On stage Ceberano gives off a healthy, unabashed sexuality, alternately bubbling and brooding. Her body borders on the voluptuous (although she usually keeps it well covered with layers of skirt and shirt). Her golden brown skin and exotic Eurasian good looks come from a father with a Filipino/Spanish/Hawaiian bloodline and a mother with Spanish/English antecedents.

Kate was born in Adelaide and raised in a family of scientologists. She hated school, used all kinds of ploys to avoid going and, with the compliance of sympathetic parents, left when she was 14. Says interviewer/photographer Ellis: "She comes across with a dazzling, upfront personality, tells it like it is, is perceptive, confident without being overconfident and has a smile that would loosen up the Ayatollah."

1.

PLAYBOY: When you're singing jazz you're often singing about men, lost loves, romance and so on. Do you feel sexy and sensual on stage?

CEBERANO: Yes, definitely. It's kind of like making love to five different men in a non-contact way. You flirt with them without even looking at them. And not just men — women too. Some women get so much out of jazz as a form of music. It really turns them on. But you know, I don't like my work operating off the axis . . . selling through the groin. If the only reason I'm Talking was successful was because of these two black chicks (well, beige actually), throwing their money-makers around on stage . . . that wouldn't mean much to me. I wouldn't find it complimentary.

2.

PLAYBOY: You've made your mark on a big audience as a pop/rock singer but you've created a reputation for yourself with a smaller, more discerning audience as a jazz/soul singer. Where does your heart lie?

CEBERANO: I guess I feel most at home singing the jazz. But it becomes a little impractical to sing that style of music all the time because in Australia, with our small population, there's not that big a market for it. At the moment the jazz awareness level is not that incredibly humongous. I don't think that you could survive happily financially just singing jazz.

3.

PLAYBOY: You've learned a lot about jazz singing from musicians just in the past few years but it somehow seems your genre, as if you were born with a special talent.

CEBERANO: The best thing about jazz is its escapism. I enjoy getting myself involved in a character or a form and just letting myself go with it. So in the jazz there's definitely a percentage of my *alter ego* on stage, flaunting it and being theatrical. You can be and do anything in jazz. You don't have the same artistic licence with pop music because pop music is so stylised and image-conscious. You have to be one thing in order to appeal to one market and in order to be marketable.

4.

PLAYBOY: Some of those old jazz classics have been established by legendary singers. How do you take a famous song and give it your own signature?

CEBERANO: Well, it's interesting because I would have to say my ignorance and naivete give it a fragile element. I'm still maturing, developing. I think about it a lot and I work on it but it's not something that I preconceive, like the way I'm going to approach this song is blah blah blah and I'm going to put *x* amount of energy into this performance. I just learn the song and feel what it does for me. And then I create the picture. The words tell the story. I don't think about the delivery so much as it just kind of comes.

5.

PLAYBOY: With I'm Talking you had tremendous success on the charts and as a performing band. Then the group as it was broke up and the rumors were that you and Zan, the other female singer in the band, fell out. To set the record straight, what's the story?

CEBERANO: The story is we had a clash of egos. I admire Zan's strength as a woman and her ambitious streak. She's really wanting to be something and someone and that's good. It was just difficult within the structure of I'm Talking because when I joined the group it was as lead vocalist and the group had always considered that as being the way it was. We would hire backing vocalists and hopefully get someone who, during a live performance, could sing songs as well, so that I didn't blow out performing five nights a week. So we got Zan. And of

course Zan is a very, very good singer. And as she developed she became less shy and more extroverted on stage. She used to be very shy, a very inhibited girl. In the end I think she resented my position as lead vocalist because it didn't allow her breathing space. It was inevitable that we'd have to split. She'd have to go and do her own projects. And who'd make that decision? It was very awkward. I just couldn't say to her you have to go because . . . there was quite a bit of tension. I couldn't make it any easier for her. I didn't want to give up my position or make it any less. So eventually, rather than having to compromise, I said I was going to leave. It wasn't just a childish threat. I had no qualms about going off and doing a solo career. None at all.

6.

PLAYBOY: So the band broke up. But now we've seen the emergence of a new I'm Talking.

CEBERANO: Yes, I really like our new music. I think our latest material is starting to show great potential because it's becoming a little bit more experimental rather than just sticking with groin-thumping funk. I think Zan saw the potential in it as well and that's why she didn't want to let go of it. You know it was interesting when we were in England because since we signed a contract with London Records we've been contesting with them about image and concepts for merchandising. That's all they seemed to be interested in. They wanted to get rid of I'm Talking and turn Zan and me into Mel and Kym synchro dancers doing disco covers. There's more to music than just that. I refuse to be moulded and categorised by some fucking record company, some sort of baked bean company.

7.

PLAYBOY: The music industry harbors lots of sensitive egos, there's great rivalry and people are often jealous of success. How do you handle this kind of atmosphere?

CEBERANO: It can be difficult, yeah. The way you get through it is to be true to your own goals and continually pump up your own ego and believe in yourself and don't give a fuck about what people might say. Artists are a strange breed: often insecure — nutcases. They're humble to the degree that they're inside out; and they're often introverted and wary of people. For centuries people have attacked artists and somehow tried to make them less.

8.

PLAYBOY: The music industry has claimed many victims — drugs, booze, sex, all that fast-lane living. Does working in this environment frighten you?

CEBERANO: Well, I consider life a little bit like a chequer-board where you play your part as a black piece or a red piece and you choose carefully your next move. You take in things, you throw them out, you keep things, you give things away. It's not something that I get engrossed in. Drugs and alcohol have never been a problem for me because I've always had a natural aversion to them. And sex, when I can get it, is really good, but half the time the guy I like having it with is many, many miles away. So I don't even think about it anymore. I become sexless. It's a real drag.

9.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel conscious of having star quality?

CEBERANO: I believe you can have anything. It doesn't surprise me that people like Madonna and Boy George pop up and they're so cool and earning millions and millions of dollars because they never doubted it in themselves. You talk to them and they say, "What do you mean, how did I become a star, I've been a star since I was born!" Oh, I don't know if I could say it. I've got part of me that is something special, that only ever gets released through a performance. It's a bit like an adrenalin thing, a little extra energy from some sort of source that attracts people sometimes. Any good artist I think has this little warm glow, and when they're creating and doing what they do best, people get attracted to it. They get transfixed by that glow. It's not something artists can just turn on at any time. On stage sometimes, with the jazz singing, I surprise myself. It's better than drugs. It's better than sex. It's a good, good feeling.

10.

PLAYBOY: How important is the money-making aspect of your career?

CEBERANO: It can cost a lot of money to create a good performance. You could pay out $2000 just to play. We've done gigs for novelty reasons when we haven't worried about making money. But you can get used abominably in this business if you don't value yourself or put a price on yourself. And people think in terms of the more money you charge the better the quality of your act. They expect you to deliver a standard equal to the amount of money they pay out. I'm terrible with money. I hate asking for it, talking about it, working with it . . . but I can spend it really well. I just wish some person would come along and support me forever.

11.

PLAYBOY: Are you intending to work overseas in the next few years?

CEBERANO: Well, I did some work in England a few months ago with Malcolm McLaren and Jeff Beck and that got me into an environment that was sort of high status. Those guys are heavy dudes. I got the taste for working up there. Malcolm McLaren made contact with me through CBS. He sought out different women from various parts of the world to work with him on this album. This man has the world at his fingertips. He's quite able to have anything and anybody he wants. Great man to be around. Shame he's such a cad. I don't know what the future of Malcolm's project is at this stage but I plan to go overseas in a few months' time and live in either England or Los Angeles, neither of which tickles my fancy but they're the places where I can get most work.

12.

PLAYBOY: Are you confident of your future as a singer in a wider market than pop music?

CEBERANO: Well, when I did the jazz gig I realised that you can, if you really want to, make a dream become reality. You just go out and fucking do it! There's no one else that can do it for you. You can't hope that one day you're sitting around and someone will come up to you and give you a contract and say this is a great show and you're perfect for it and here's a million dollars. I mean that's just dreaming. And I used to be like that. As a child I used to sit with my head hanging out the window of the car hoping someone would drive past and say that's the face that I'm needing and wanting. Now that I've got off my butt and proved something to myself I'm not frightened of putting myself on the line and being a little precocious about it and having those things that I want. I love working with a group because you have a strength and a structure and an establishment. Sometimes when you're solo, things become a little unruly. You have to make up the rules as you go along. With a group it's different. My jazz band, they're real rebels. Jexy the pianist and I went out last night and we just played and played and played. He and Stuart are very funny boys. Yep, we lived life — till 6 in the morning. We went to the Underground and it was a bit boring and the piano bar was vacant so we just sat around and threw out a few sleazy Cotton Club songs.

13.

PLAYBOY: How does your professional career affect your personal life and your relationships?

CEBERANO: It's very difficult. Stephen [*Stephen Kearney, actor and one half of Los Trios Ringbarkus*] and I have been going out for close to three years now, but because of our careers the time we've actually spent together is less than a year. He's funny and dashing and talented and noisy and naughty and a bit of a pest at times but I really love him. Because I'm a romantic and I love films and stories about lovers I sometimes imagine the handsome European you meet and have an affair with for a couple of weeks . . . but I can't be unfaithful at the moment. It's very strange. I can think about it and dream about it but I could not physically involve myself with other people, which is good. When I was younger I used to get really feisty. I just loved men. I adored their company because they were different to

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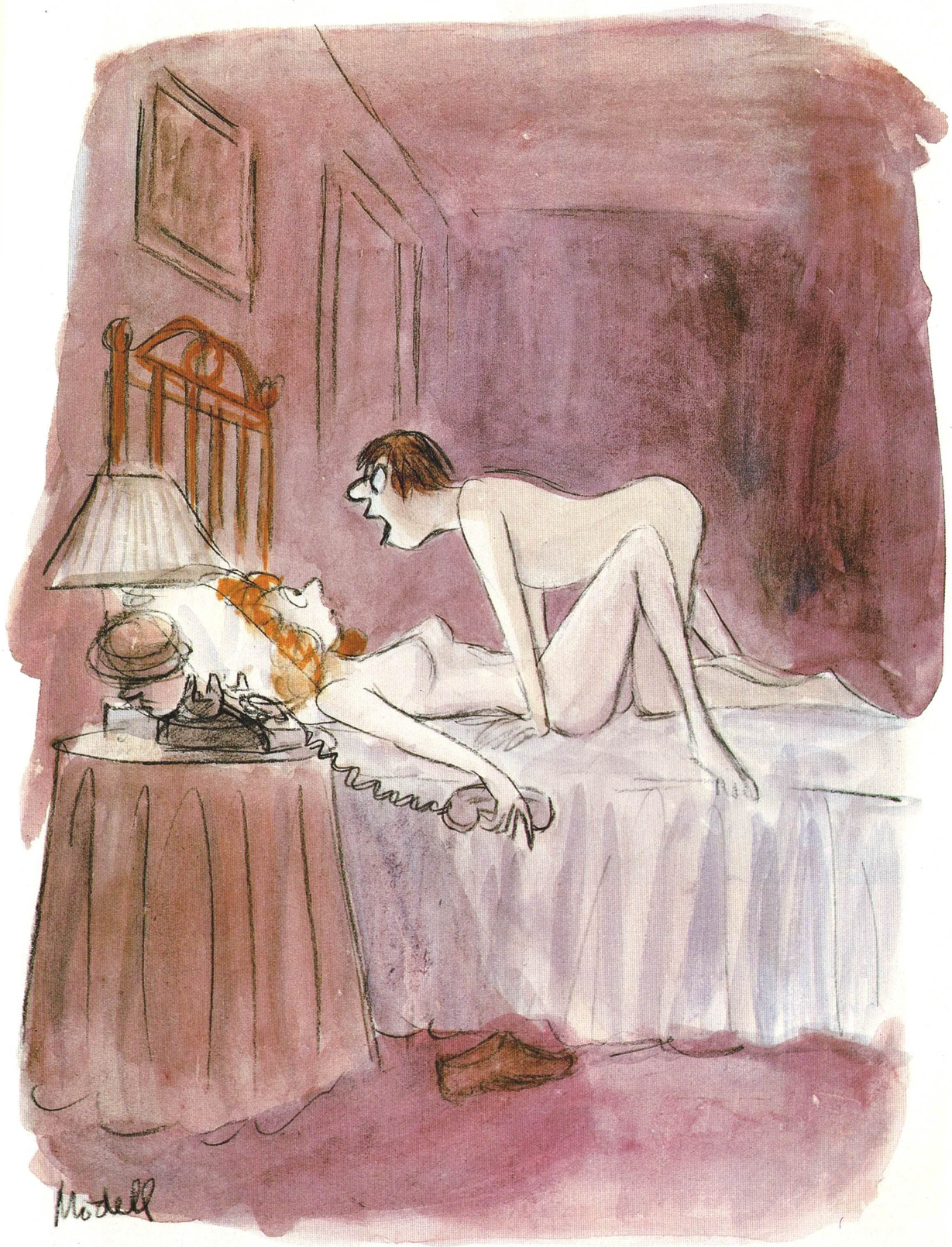


"You might have told him to call back another time, rather than 'Hold on, I'll be with you in a second'."

Kim

THE LOOK THAT PUT SEX BACK IN THE CINEMA

Playboy first saluted her beauty and predicted Kim Basinger's big-screen potential in a memorable 1983 cover story, when she was Sean Connery's Bond bombshell in *Never Say Never Again*. Five years and seven movies later, she's the hottest temptress in Hollywood, proving her talent with sizzling performances opposite a Who's Who of contemporary hunks. After her kinky fix on Mickey Rourke in *9½ Weeks* (above), Kim turned to Richard Gere in *No Mercy* (top right), then lightened up as *Nadine* (right) with Jeff Bridges.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Judging the merits of this Georgia-bred golden girl, back in 1983, seemed such an awesome undertaking that *Playboy*'s editors recruited a panel of experts to appraise Kim. Among them, Federico Fellini called her "the prototype of a new Galactic woman," and the late Bob Fosse summed up:

"I think she'll become a star . . . with a mouth that would turn a leader of the Moral Majority into a heavy breather." Since then, Kim has been lip-to-lip on screen with Robert Redford (in *The Natural*), Sam Shepard (*Fool For Love*) and Bruce Willis (*Blind Date*), to name a lucky few leading men.

Looking good is easy for Kim, a former top model, but so shy as a schoolgirl that she'd faint if called on to recite. Even so, Kim insists she foresaw a bright future: ''I've *always* been on a roll . . . I just knew everything would come.'' Her gift for screwball comedy came bubbling to life with Burt Reynolds in *The Man Who Loved Women*.

Never one to duck controversial career moves, Kim often tells interviewers that she prefers animals to people. And when

a Revlon executive publicly criticised her first unveiling in our pages, Basinger issued a terse no-nonsense riposte: ''There's more of the essential truth of me in the *Playboy* layout than in the Revlon ads.'' We say Amen.

Kim knew her sensuous role in *9½ Weeks* would be a challenge and a test — but she passed, and recalls without regret the now-famous strip-tease scene: ''I figured I was only going to do this once in my life, so I gave it all I've got.''

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KARL SCHWERDTFEGER

TAR BURNER FOR TWO

Rob Luck checks out the Toyota MR2: for the Ferrari fancier on a budget.

A FEW MONTHS ago, a specialist high-performance car magazine surveyed its valued subscription readership to determine the level of their automotive voyeurism. A key question was. . . "Given the finances to purchase and run it, would you seriously consider purchasing an exotic, such as a

Ferrari. . . ?'' Back came an unflinching 100 percent response: ''You bet!''

According to the publishers of the magazine (*Road And Track Australasia*) the survey sample, which included men, women and overly ambitious youths aged from 16 to 60 plus, is sufficiently large to reflect the opinion of virtually the entire nation.

The writing is thus on the automotive wall. . . in the ultimate affluent society there would be around 9 million Ferraris on the road! (That's roughly the size of the nation's carpark.)

Last year, there were less than 80 new Ferraris registered across the country. So there have to be good reasons for a shortfall in the nation's expectations of some 8,999,920 exotic vehicles.

There are — about 150,000 good reasons. That is, the number of dollars it takes to acquire the cheapest Ferrari model available on the Australian market, the 328GTS. And that's not counting operational costs, including insurance, registration, dealer costs, service etc, which could easily add another $25,000 to the first-year costs.

But despair not. . . all is not lost. . . For the frustrated mega-millions of would-be-if-they-could-be Aussie motoring enthusiasts, there is a bright set of pop-up headlights stabbing down the long black void of the economic tunnel.

They are attached to something called the MR2 — Toyota's auto jargon to indicate Mid-engine, Rear-wheel drive (or Runabout), 2-seater.

Those three letters really say it all, for the common link between all the world's ultimate and desirable exotics is a central-mounted engine driving the rear wheels of a shape so compact that it is just large enough to accommodate two eager occupants — and a smidgin of light luggage. (Don't kid yourself, this is a strict two-seater, designed from the ground up for driving pleasure. It is not a sloppy domestic 2 plus 2 posemobile.)

All this for around one-sixth of the price of the Real Thing — about $32,000! It is impressive enough that Japan's largest motor manufacturer (and one noted more for its droll line-up of conservative family cars) has achieved this at the price, but it gets better. The Toyota MR2 gets the sort of sophistication in mechanical hardware that you'd expect from the ultimate machine. Here's a brief list of some of the mouth-watering facilities the MR2 shares with its more exotic compatriots. . .

- Double overhead camshaft engine with 16-valve, fuel-injected, electronic engine management system.
- Four-wheel independent suspension, employing gas-filled sports shock absorbers, anti-rollbars, sports settings.
- Four-wheel disc brakes (ventilated race-style brakes up front).
- Rack and pinion steering.
- Five-speed close ratio transmission.
- Aerodynamic body featuring competition-type airdams, sideskirts and rear wing, retractable headlights, and using lots of plastic parts.
- Full-alloy wheels shod with performance tyres (Bridgestone Potenza RE88).
- High-spec interior including full instrumentation, multi-adjustable seating, remote releases for engine, boot, front hatch (there are two luggage compartments), fuel filler. Plus luxury equipment (stereo, remote mirror adjustment, central door locking etc).

Let's not kid ourselves. . . this ain't no Ferrari. But someone apparently forgot to tell the car itself, 'cause it sure does a pretty good impersonation. . . For a start, it will achieve around 75 percent of the Ferrari's top speed and acceleration is up to 80 percent of the Italian Stallion's capability.

This is because the car has a high percentage of the Ferrari's engineering package. Kazutoshi Arima (Ken to his Aussie mates) was the chief engineer in charge of the MR2 from 1984 but saw it through the production planning stages from early '82. The body, which cleaves the air like a spear, was put together by a team led by Tony Watanabe, a guy whose credits include designing the envelope for fast trains like the XPT.

The idea from the outset was to produce a compact sportscar with all the refinements of an exotic, at an affordable price. So how did they do?

The first thing you notice driving any tricky car is the footpath response.

With Ferraris it's electric. A Ferrari can crack through the unwritten, unbroken law of women — never look back. They don't so much look as stare, swivel-headed, as you swoop past. The less discreet models may even hurl themselves at you, masquerading as wheelchocks in a desperate bid to get your attention. Role reversal can be fun. . .

The MR2 is very nearly as good. The main reason, I discovered, is that most people (that is, most women) think it *is* a Ferrari. As soon as owners twig to this one I predict a whole new trade in badges — whipping off the Toyota I/D and clipping in little yellow/black prancing horses. . .

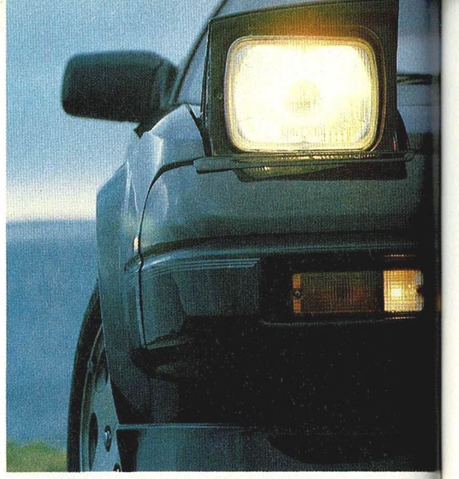
Of course you wouldn't buy a car just to increase your scoring rate, would you? So what about the techspecs. . .

The really tricky thing about this machine is the placement of the engine. The whole concept of the Euro-exotics turns around the idea of plonking the donk right in the middle of the chassis. This makes for an even weight distribution (front to rear) and also concentrates the power and weight over the driven wheels (at the rear).

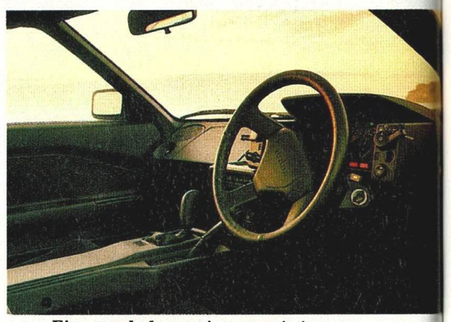
Think about it. . . If you stick a hundred or so kilos of iron in the nose of a car, the machine is going to want to go straight ahead at the first corner you come to. If you stick it in the back, and arrive at a turn a bit quick (who doesn't?), then the back end of the car is going to beat you out the other side. Either way you become a sort of instant animated roadside hoarding.

The exotics all have their engines dumped in the middle. Since it is exactly midway between the wheels, it doesn't tell either end what to do. You just arrive at a corner, turn in, zoom round. . . as if on rails as they say in the classics. The weight being concentrated over the driving wheels, you corner faster and more efficiently as there is ample grunt available to haul you out of the shit if you do it all wrong . . .

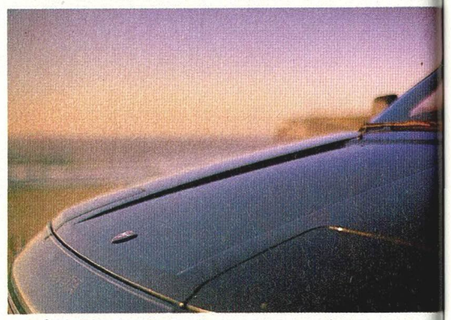
In fact, most mid-engined cars don't quite achieve a perfect 50/50 front/rear weight balance. But in this black art, fine percentage points don't count. The Toyota maximises its layout by placing the engine east west (this gets the weight as far forward as possible) and ends up with a 45/55 (front/rear) reading on the scales.



". . . a bright set of pop-up headlights".



Five-speed close ratio transmission.



Only the Toyota badge gives it away!

The rear wing is a feature of the aerodynamic body.

Out on the road, this means that you, the driver of this little tar burner, become the polar centre of the machine. In other words, you can literally feel the car's reactions through the seat of your pants.

The theory is that the perfect car will just go round a corner without doing anything wrong. Unfortunately, less-than-perfect people get behind the wheel, so it is inevitable that sooner or later you will try to go through some curve too fast.

The MR2 (like all mid-engined cars) has this built-in escape clause: you just lift the throttle. Instantly, the car turns back on to the correct line. Press the throttle again, adjust your pacemaker, and it's business as usual.

The car you can buy here has got the benefit of some local input by a pretty clever team of Aussie engineers. Led by Arthur Reddick, they bothered to wing themselves over to Rising Sun land and sort through the Toyota parts bin. What they knew was that Toyota Motor Company also has a division called TRD (Toyota Racing Development), so they got some pretty up-market suspension bits (sports style shock absorbers — gas filled, springs, stabiliser bars etc). They also ordered the hottest engine of the normally aspirated line-up (supercharged versions are available with performance that actually equals the Ferrari, but these were thought too expensive to warrant introduction here).

The result is a car that handles about as well as you could ever hope for in volume production shape (Toyota has already built 123,000 of these for world markets) and is sensational on the dirt. If you have ever watched those rally heroes doing their stuff on the gravel marbles, then this is your chance to try your hand. The car is so well balanced and controllable, it is possible to set it up in a rally-slide and hold it on the throttle at virtually any speed.

But back to the boulevard. . .

As ferocious as this gadget might be at attacking the turns, it is a real winner in the thrash of daily traffic. The engine is responsive from the bottom to the top of the rev range and, unlike a Ferrari, requires no particular skills to manipulate the gearbox, keep the engine on the boil, zip over those speedbumps.

It is this practical magic that guarantees the car's widespread appeal. But placing it correctly in the local market was no easy task, and one which Toyota Australia worried over for a long while. (Actually, they procrastinated about it a bit.)

It was launched world-wide in 1985, quickly scooping up awards in Europe and America. But for Australia, the volume was obviously going to be small, and Toyota at the time had a lot of other projects on the boil — like a replacement for the mega-popular Celica, the new Supra and others.

In a tight market, things have changed and it has become economical for manufacturers to scoop up a few sales from any area possible.

So Toyota Australia's Norman Itaya pressed the button on the MR2 project. An Aussie task force arrived in Japan and sorted out a product for our market from the mind-bending domestic range. The trick was to juggle equipment against price. We also scored a new high-performance version of the 4A-GE twin cam engine, and enough tricky bits to keep the marketing department (led by Norm Iddles) in hyperbole for a year.

Toyota announced the model just after Toyota Japan completed the takeover of the local company, and signed up an impressive deal to export Bridgestone tyres to Japan — certain to signal the start of many more exchange deals like this.

So the machine we got here is from the top end of the domestic range in package specification, about the middle range in drivetrain. This is a pretty finely structured balancing act to keep the car at an affordable level. With a high level of inclusions it only just exceeds the 30 grand mark.

A few of the items that would have pushed it way up the pricecharts have been consigned to the options lists — dual-stage air-conditioning, removable sunroof, cruise control and some paint options. The Targa-roof version is not included in the local line-up. You may expect to see it at a later date, given market demand.

The idea, though, is that the average ocker can get inside one of these for less than the national debt. Not only that, after you've actually acquired one, and filled up your address book with a quick cruise down the beachfront, you'll still have enough money left in kitty to cut loose in the disco, or take the lady for a cruise.

No wonder they call it The Affordable Ferrari.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHYLLIS BRAMSON

THE CURSE

There were five of them, and she didn't have a chance. Nor did Mitchell.

MITCHELL HAYES WAS 49 years old, but when the cops left him in the bar with Bob, the manager, he felt much older. He did not know what it was like to be very old, a shrunken and wrinkled man, but he assumed it was like this: fatigue beyond relieving by rest, by sleep. He was not a small man, but now his body seemed short and thin.

Bob stood at one end of the bar; he was a large black-haired man, and there was nothing in front of him but the ashtray he was using. He looked at Mitchell at the cash register and said: "Forget it. You heard what Smitty said."

Mitchell looked away, at the front door. He had put the chairs upside down on the tables. He looked from the door past Bob to the empty space of floor at the rear; sometimes people danced there, to the jukebox. Opposite Bob, on the wall behind the bar, was a telephone; Mitchell looked at it. He had told Smitty there were five guys and when he moved to the phone, one of them stepped around the corner of the bar and shoved him: one hand against Mitchell's chest, and it pushed him backward; he nearly fell. That was when they were getting rough with her at the bar. When they took her to the floor Mitchell looked once at her sounds, then looked down at the duckboard he stood on, or at the belly of chest of a young man in front of him.

He knew they were not drunk, although they had been drinking before they came to his place, a loud popping of motorcycles outside, then walking into the empty bar, young and sunburned and carrying helmets and wearing thick leather jackets in summer. When he took their first order he thought they were on drugs and later, watching them, he was certain. They were not relaxed, in

Fiction by ANDRE DUBUS

the way of most drinkers near closing time. Their eyes were quick, alert as wary animals, and they spoke loudly, with passion, but their passion was strange and disturbing, because they were only chatting, bantering. Mitchell knew nothing of the effects of drugs, so he could not guess what was in their blood. He feared and hated drugs because of his work and because he was the stepfather of teenagers: a boy and a girl. He gave last call and served them and leaned against the counter behind him.

Then the door opened and the girl walked in from the night, a girl he had never seen, and she crossed the floor toward Mitchell. He stepped forward to tell her she had missed last call, but before he spoke she asked for change for the cigarette machine. She was young, he guessed 19 to 21, and deeply tanned and had dark hair. She was sober and wore jeans and a dark blue T-shirt. He gave her the coins but she was standing between two of the men and she did not get to the machine.

When it was over and she lay crying on the cleared circle of floor, he left the bar and picked up the jeans and T-shirt beside her and crouched and handed them to her. She did not look at him. She laid the clothes across her breasts and what Mitchell thought of now as her wound. He left her and dialled 000, then Bob's number. He woke up Bob. Then he picked up her sneakers from the floor and placed them beside her and squatted near her face, her crying. He wanted to speak to her, hold a hand or press her brow, but he could not.

The police car was there quickly, the siren coming east from town, then slowing and deepening as the car stopped outside. He was glad Smitty was one of them; he had gone to high school with Smitty. The other was Dave, and Mitchell knew him because it was a small town. When they saw the girl Dave went out to the car to call for an ambulance, and when he came back he said two other cop cars had those scumbags and were taking them in. The girl was still crying and could not talk to Smitty and Dave. She was crying when a man and woman lifted her on to a stretcher and rolled her out the door and she vanished forever in a siren.

Bob came in while Smitty and Dave were sitting at the bar drinking coffee and Smitty was writing his report; Mitchell stood behind the bar. Bob sat down and Mitchell said: "I could have stopped them, Smitty."

"That's our job," Smitty said. "You want to be in the hospital too?"

Mitchell did not answer. When Smitty and Dave left, he got a glass of Coke and had a cigarette with Bob. They did not talk. Then Mitchell washed his glass and Bob's cup and they left, turning off the lights.

Outside Mitchell locked the front door, feeling the sudden night air after almost 10 hours of air-conditioning. When he came to work the day had been very hot, and now he thought to himself it would not have happened in winter. They had stopped for a beer on their way somewhere from the beach; he had heard them say that.

But the beach was not the reason. He did not know the reason, but he knew it would not have happened in winter. The night was cool and now he could smell trees. He turned and looked at the road in front of the bar. Bob stood beside him on the small porch.

"If only the regulars had been here," Bob said.

He turned and with his hand resting on the wooden rail he walked down the ramp to the ground. At his car he stopped and looked over its roof at Mitchell.

"You take it easy," he said.

Mitchell nodded. When Bob got in his car and left, he went down the ramp and drove home to his house on a street that he thought was neither good nor bad. The houses were small and there were old large houses used now as units for families. Most of the people had work, most of the mothers cared for their children, and most of the children were clean and looked like they lived in homes, not caves like some he saw in town.

He worried about the older kids, one group of them anyway. They were idle. When he was a boy in a town further up the river, he and his friends committed every mischievous act he could recall on afternoons and nights when they were idle. His step-children were not part of that group. They had friends from the high school.

The front porch light was on for him and one in the kitchen at the rear of the house. He went in the front door and switched off the porch light and walked through the living and dining rooms to the kitchen. He got a can of beer from the refrigerator, turned out the light, and sat at the table. When he could see, he took a cigarette from Susan's pack in front of him.

Down the hall he heard Susan move on the bed, then get up, and he hoped it wasn't for the bathroom but for him. He had met her eight years ago when he had given up on ever marrying and having kids, then one night she came into the bar with two of her girlfriends from work. She made six dollars an hour going to homes of invalids, mostly what she called her little old ladies, and bathing them. She got the house from her marriage, and child maintenance the guy paid for a few months till he left town and went south.

She came barefoot down the hall and stood in the kitchen doorway and said: "Are you all right?"

"No."

She sat across from him, and he told her. Very soon she held his hand. She was good. He knew if he had fought all five of them and was lying in pieces in the hospital bed she would tell him he had done the right thing, as she was telling him now. He liked her strong hand on his. It was a professional hand and he wanted from her something he had never wanted before: to lie in bed while she bathed him. When they went to bed he did not think he would be able to sleep, but she knelt beside him and massaged his shoulders and rubbed his temples and pressed her hands on his forehead.

He woke to the voices of Marty and Joyce in the kitchen. They had summer jobs, and always when they woke him he went back to sleep till noon, but now he got up and dressed and went to the kitchen door. Susan was at the cooker, her back to him, and Marty and Joyce were talking and smoking. He said good morning, and stepped into the room.

"What are you doing up?" Joyce said.

She was a pretty girl with her mother's wide cheekbones and Marty was a tall good-looking boy, and Mitchell felt as old as he had before he slept. Susan was watching him. Then she poured him a cup of coffee and put it at his place and he sat. Marty said: "You getting up for the day?"

"Something happened last night. At the bar." They tried to conceal their excitement, but he saw it in their eyes. "I should have stopped it. I think I *could* have stopped it. That's the point. There were these five guys. They were on motorcycles but they weren't bikies. Just punks. They came in late, when everybody else had gone home. It was a slow night anyway. Everybody was at the beach."

"They rob you?" Marty said.

"No. A girl came in. Young. Nice looking. You know: just a girl, minding her business."

They nodded, and their eyes were apprehensive.

"Did they rape her?" Joyce said.

"Yes, honey."

"The *fuck*ers."

Susan opened her mouth then closed it and Joyce reached quickly for Susan's pack of cigarettes. Mitchell held his lighter for her and said: "When they started getting rough with her at the bar I went for the phone. One of them stopped me. He shoved me, that's all. I should have hit him with a bottle."

Marty reached over the table with his big hand and held Mitchell's shoulder.

"No, Mitch. Five guys that mean. And coked up or whatever. No way. You wouldn't be here this morning."

"I don't know. There was always a guy with me. But just one guy, taking turns."

"Great," Joyce said. Marty's hand was on Mitchell's left shoulder; she put hers on his right hand.

"They took her to the hospital," he said. "The guys are in jail."

"They are?" Joyce said.

"I called the cops. When they left."

"You'll be a good witness," Joyce said.

He looked at her proud face.

"At the trial," she said.

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The day was hot but that night most of the regulars came to the bar. Some of the younger ones came on motorcycles. They were a good crowd: they all worked, except the retired ones, and no one ever bothered

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

MINI HAPPY RETURNS

GOOD NEWS FOR LEG MEN—THE MINISKIRT IS MAKING A COMEBACK

By
BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

MINISKIRTS. The ultimate treat for men. No need to devise clever strategies for peeking at panties and possibly throwing out your back. The miniskirt makes all that unnecessary. And women are trotting around in them, proving that they do like men after all and are interested in more than just their fair share of the marketplace.

A woman in a mini is not just saying, "Come over and hop right on." That's what caused all the trouble the last time around. Men would see those little skirts and say: "Jeez, she's asking for it." And sometimes she was. But not always. Inside some of those miniskirts were the proud and curvy little bods of future feminists who were upset that they couldn't wear a teeny little skirt without sending out the wrong signal. So the mini was taken away for a few decades, forcing men to calm down and consider their behavior.

It's back now, but with the clear understanding that just because a woman has one on doesn't mean she wants to take it right off. She may have just bought the damned thing.

And even though she's wearing this little wisp of a garment and just about exposing the whole package, it does not mean she is ready for action. She may be considering the proper stance for Australia on Fiji — and at the same time airing out her legs a little. Men didn't understand that on the first go around, but they sort of do now.

Some of the new minis seem

begrudging and tightly bound, forcing their owners into a duck-like waddle which only a small group of sophisticates will enjoy.

But most of them remain short, shorter and 5cm Above The Waterline. Who looks good in them? Surprisingly, not that many celebs. If you're talking pert and saucy Kerrie Friend, fine, but a flimsy on Susan Ryan, for example, would undercut her serious approach to government. Madonna seems over-dressed in one. A mini on Raisa Gorbachev comes off as a cheap glasnost ploy. And for God's sake, keep Margaret Thatcher in something sensible.

They look best on distant, anonymous women with colt-like legs, slipping through the night to sip cocktails with investment bankers.

Also attractive in minis are:

- *Undercover decoy cops.*
- *Politicians' daughters.*
- *First novelists.*
- *Arty types who hung around with Hemingway in Paris and always knew that legs were the last part of the body to give out.*
- *Female characters in minimalist fiction. Full of joy when they first emerge, these small-town honeys can be counted on to have an attack of K-Mart angst, vomit on their minis and wind up sitting in a ute waiting for the galahs to fly over.*
- *Anyone's girlfriend except yours. You've seen her legs. You see them all the time. It's other folks' legs you want to see.*
- *Muammar Gaddafi. (According to*

the ex-head of the CIA. But didn't Gaddafi's people spread the same story about him?)

Which leads, somewhat circuitously, to the essential question: Why now? Why not wait till the unpleasantness blows over? Who needs to see hot legs and a promise of much, much more when it's best to keep sex on the back burner for a while.

People of every persuasion can agree that this is a dangerous time to reintroduce a new sex toy. But since when do Big Bucks have a conscience? An abbreviated skirt carries the same price tag as an honest one and uses only one third the fabric. The rest is profit for the mini moguls. If working mums have to go around with exposed backsides. . . if two out of three skirt guys are forced to either sit on the sidelines or take low-paying service jobs. . . if the Japanese once again come out on top. . . well, that's showbiz.

Meanwhile, the minis are back, so enjoy them while you can, or at least try to, and for God's sake, don't let the health authorities interfere with your pleasure. After all, you're only looking. Sure, there are studies that say that's worse than a hands-on approach, but so what. There are always studies, and the results are far from conclusive. Get off on those tiny skirts. The mini, with its basic rip-off attitude toward the consumer, may be the last gasp of the What's-In-It-For-Me years.

After that, it's honest skirts again and Australia goes back to work.

THE '60s: (continued from page 76)

Screw 'em. The '60s were exactly as good as you remember them.

may; Ralph Nader, going at the corporations again and again, like some mad Quixote, till they clapped their hands over their ears and screamed, "Enough already! We'll make it safer, cheaper, better, saner!"

The jumble coalesces. The great Bayeux tapestry of the '60s, from Kennedy's joyous inauguration to Nixon's ignominious fall from power, solidifies into one unseamed memory. The good times and the bad times, the rivers of blood and the brave winds of change. All the names that mostly mean nothing to high school kids today, as distant and chill as the Norman Conquest.

Is the current prevalence of reactionary attitudes a product of the baby boomers' hardening of the liberal arteries? Where did all the passion go? What happened to the great starts made in the '60s, now backslid with erosion of civil rights, feminist imperatives, environmental concerns, humanistic philosophies?

What a sorry pass it all seems to have come to. Technology pioneered in the '60s, to better our conditions of life, has been co-opted by the recidivist '80s not only to abet the Me Decade selfishness and lethargy of an increasingly conscience-dulled electorate — pocket calculators so no one has to be able to add or subtract, digital watches so no one has to figure out what it means when Mickey's big hand is over his head and his little hand is in his crotch, cable TV and videocassettes so no one has to read a book or a newspaper — but that same technology has totemised the post-Me Decade sensibility. It has given the semi-literate, smug know-nothing a cachet. To rely entirely on the purchasable gadget is the mark of *homo superior.* And since the American president himself is all style and no content, a man who may not be a know-nothing but who doesn't seem to know what he knows, or when he did or didn't know it . . . that cachet looms large as reflected in the top man of the US.

How did it happen? No big secret. No codex needed to fathom it. Activists got *weary* after 12 years on the barricades. Took a breather. Out went Nixon, and we thought we'd bought some relief. But as we keep forgetting, the price of freedom is eternal vigilance, and in that vacuum of power, the baddies returned with Reagan, Meese, Falwell, Ollie North and all that little gang of knuckle-brushing shamblers from the 15th century. We snoozed a few years too long.

Now we have the sorry spectacle of that Brightest Hope for the Future, the younger generation, littering in a way that would have been unthinkable in the '60s, coming out of school slavering to work in airless cubicles for a corporate pension; we have Rambo-like vigilantism, inhumane TV interviews with people saying of murderers who've drawn life sentences, "He should burn in Hell forever", movies geared to the mentality of a 12-year-old (a *retarded* 12-year-old); and we have the bashers of the '60s. A decade, we are told, not worthy of our respect.

There is a scene in *The Big Chill*, written by Lawrence Kasdan and Barbara Benedek, a famous dinner scene, that is the perfect example of Newspeak about the '60s. In that scene we have seven characters who have gathered to attend the funeral of one of their '60s group. The time is more or less today. These seven are: Sam, a successful TV actor known for his popular *Magnum*-like series; Sarah, a successful doctor; Michael, a successful *People* gossip journalist; Nick, a successful drug dealer; Harold, a successful manufacturer of running shoes; Meg, a successful lawyer; and Karen, a successful suburban wife and mother.

At the funeral, a disingenuous pecksniffian minister who didn't even know Alex, the dear departed, lays down the first paradiddle of the song of revisionism sung by the '80s about the '60s: "A brilliant physics student at the University of Michigan who, paradoxically, chose to turn his back on science, and taste of life through a seemingly random series of occupations."

They sit at the dinner table, these seven (and Alex's Now Generation girlfriend, a model of pragmatic sensibility and sweetness, not a mean bone in her body, but also not a passionate one, either), remembering what Harold said at the service: "Alex brought us together from the beginning; now he brings us together again." Alex as symbol of the '60s. Time gone by, and the bashers have told us friendships were transitory, so we know it now by these seven; they have grown apart. Alex as symbol of the fruitless '60s — lost hope, misspent life, protracted irresponsibility, frustration, self-loathing, suicide.

[*The song Karen played at the funeral: the Stones' You Can't Always Get What You Want (You Get What You Need).*]

And here is the dialogue:
The Doctor: "I feel I was at my best when I was with you people."
The TV Star: "When I lost touch with this group, I lost my idea of what I should be."
The Journalist: "Maybe there was something in me then, that made me want to go to Harlem and teach those ghetto kids."
The Lawyer: "And I was going to help the scum, as I now so compassionately refer to them."
The Doctor: "I hate to think it was all just fashion; no commitment."
The Lawyer: "Sometimes I think I put that time down, pretended it wasn't real, so I could live with how I am now."

And the running-shoe magnate sums it up: "Great then; shit now."

How sad if the bashers regard this as a ready-made tract for their points of view: That these seven "refugees from the '60s" are cynically hollow, confused, ambivalent, duplicitous, betraying, distrusting, self-absorbed, settling for mediocrity, overly analytical but at heart simply shallow . . . profligates, has-beens, dopers, figures better suited to Hemingway's Lost Generation than to the activist '60s.

But that's the basher's view. That's the revisionism proffered by people who have settled into way-over-age 30 guilt at having become part of the yuppie generation, the survivors of the Me Decade. And like those who drink till they puke on your shoes at a party, they cannot stand to see those who came out of the '60s with their souls and humanity intact not drinking. So they will ridicule sobriety. Rambo teaches us that going to war in the Nam was somehow morally superior to staying out. Environmentalists are fuzzy-headed idiots who care more for the snail than they do the sensible development of watershed land for a new shopping mall. Anybody who ain't looking out for No. 1 is simply someone we will not see lodged in upper management.

They pose the question: *Was* it all just fashion?

And they reassure themselves that they've made the right choice, joined the winning side, played it smart, outgrown all that kid stuff, by answering negatively. In for the ride when it was fashionable to follow the dissenters (from a safe distance behind the typewriter), they try to convince us that the Sexual Revolution ended up in herpes and AIDS, that the creative ferment, questioning of authority, and outpouring of simple concern for others was a Big Chill.

But we *live* with the benefits of the '60s, the large and small treasures enumerated here. In the din of the bashing to justify personal moral flaccidity and floating ethics, they try to drown out the song the '60s sang.

They despise themselves, and what they have settled for; and so they seek to make us join their zombie death march to the nearest point of purchase.

I thought I'd buy it at age 14, but I've done the '30s, the '40s, the '50s, the '70s and most of the '80s. And though the sky is no darker, and though the friends have gone to dust, and though the killers of the word are still with us, I must tell you that those who bash the '60s out of present shame and self-loathing flummox you about a time that we can all be proud of.

Screw 'em. The '60s were *exactly* as good as you remember them.

Time to Watch

Look here. Smarten up your act with the right accessories. Watches and "sunnies" are now a summer fashion statement.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KENT MEARS

HER — Glasses: Turquoise Bolles, $90; Pierre by Zeiss, $82. Watches: Litola Piano, $55; the Aquastar, $65; on left hand, the Hip Hop, $55.

HIM — Glasses: The Down Under by Reflex, $80; on his head, Ray Bans, $120. Watches: A white 'M' Watch, $25; An Aquastar, $58; (in the sand : black Scott Lexan, $70 and a Boeing by Carrera, $420).

This summer, the secret to being cool both in and out of the sun is to "accessorise". No matter how much or how little you wear during the long hot summer months it's the small details, the accessories, that give you the edge. Possibly the only accessories men wear during the lazy beach days are watches and sunglasses. They used to be regarded as mere utilities but today they're a fashion statement. The bad old days of one watch for a lifetime are gone. With today's new "throwaway" watches, which can cost as little as $25, you can afford a watch in every up-to-the-minute color to suit your mood or outfit. Sunglasses aren't getting any cheaper, but they certainly are getting better. Dozens of new styles make you look good, and ultraviolet and infra-red protective lenses make you see well in the sun. For guys who really want to make fashion statements, combine your timepiece and your shades for the total look. **1.** A tinted Frogskin by Oakley, $84. **2.** A Pulsar Water Resist, $135. **3.** Part of the Art Deco collection from Swatch, $60. **4.** The Vuarnet, $110. **5.** Titanium frames and lenses by Dunhill, $165. **6.** Part of the Australiana range from Litola, $55. **7.** Vuarnet wraparound, $110. **8.** Another of the Art Deco collection from Swatch, $60. **9.** A Salme, $48. **10.** Another Salme, $45. **11.** Exile by Jonathan Sceats, $60. **12.** The M watch, $25. **13.** The Ultima "K", $80. **14.** The Playboy Watch. Soon available in Australia. **15.** A Felicia quartz with alarm, $80. **16.** The slim-line Bolle, $100. **17.** The Playboy glasses, $70. **18.** Part of the wide range from Benetton by Bulova, $89. **19.** The Ray Ban wraparounds (celebrating their 50th birthday), $135. **20.** Part of the Fluoro Collection from Scott, $59.

AIDS *(continued from page 54)*

The media still talk about AIDS as if it were a civil rights problem, not a public health problem.

On the other hand, if you didn't care about a woman, you went right ahead. Shake hands and go. Quick sex was, in fact, a way to get rid of people you were only marginally attracted to, a way to burn it out fast and efficiently, and get on to other things.

So in my view, quick sex had become the very opposite of what the sexual revolution had promised. Quick sex was not a way to increase intimacy and communication, but rather a way to avoid it. Quick sex objectified the other person, made them into a thing. A sex object.

But quick sex was the order of the day, and in the frantic '70s most women expected it. I knew women who would say, "Listen, I meet a guy I like, I want to fuck him *before* dinner, so I can get that *tension* out of the way, you know, so I can really *enjoy my food*. . . "

Back in those days, if you weren't interested in quick sex, you had a bit of a problem. It was necessary as a man to state your intentions. I learned, from another man, a joke to signal my intentions. I'd say to women, "I don't put out on the first date."

The women would laugh, but they'd get the point. Usually they seemed relieved. A few wouldn't see me again. But in those days, it was necessary to shift gears explicitly, to power down from the frantic erotic pace of the day.

That's no longer a problem.

These days, nobody's in a hurry to get into bed. It makes relationships more leisurely and more serious.

There's a time in a man's life when he only wants to get laid and he doesn't care about love at all, and if he says he does, he's lying, because in truth he's always on the prowl. He can profess undying love to a woman as he crawls out of her bed, and by the time he gets to his car and puts his key in the ignition, he's already thinking of someone new. It's nothing personal, it's just the effect of raging hormones.

But after that time passes, other priorities take over. For me, love is the most important thing in my life. To me that means a feeling of closeness, of being understood, of sharing ordinary things. My goals in a relationship are modest now and in a way more ambitious.

I want the best that life has to offer me, and I sense the best lies in fewer, deeper relationships. In fact, I want only one relationship. This may be a difficult and frustrating path to choose, but it's what I want.

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As the months passed, I began to notice something else. Amid all the compulsive AIDS talk, there were some men and women who didn't mention AIDS at all.

Lunch with Bill, a lawyer, at an outdoor cafe frequented by women. Like me, he has recently ended a long relationship.

"How's it going?" he says. "Meeting anybody?"

"Not really, not yet. . . There's a lot of AIDS panic out there, a lot of frantic conversation."

"I haven't run into much of that," Bill says, shrugging.

Bill doesn't need to talk about AIDS.

And Carol, whom I have been seeing occasionally for several weeks, never brings it up until finally one night, having a late snack in the kitchen, I say to her, "Do you ever think about AIDS?"

"Isn't it awful?" she says. "My flatmate's hairdresser has it, and she's really upset. Poor guy, it must be awful for gays." And then she changes the subject.

Carol doesn't need to talk about it, either.

Carol is direct, comfortable with intimacy, at ease with her own sexuality. As I think it over, it seems to me Bill and Carol and the others who aren't wound up about AIDs are all people who are comfortable with intimacy.

In my experience, few people are comfortable in intimate situations. In fact, most people are actively looking for ways to avoid intimacy, because even the thought of getting close to somebody puts them in a cold sweat. So they get very busy with their jobs ("Sure, let's have lunch the middle of next month, that's my first opening. . . Gee, I couldn't have dinner until May of next year, sorry. . . ") or they get very busy with their families ("Eddie has a sore throat so I can't go out for the next six months"), or they get very picky about their partners ("I really had to stop seeing him because he was always five minutes late"). These are old manoeuvres. Now there's a new one: they can panic about AIDS ("I really don't want to go out with anybody because it's just too dangerous").

This puts the heterosexual AIDS panic in a new light. AIDS is a serious problem, but many heterosexuals accept the bad news almost eagerly, exaggerating the threat for their own ends. Because in the end, it's easier to blame AIDS for the way you live your life than it is to face the uncomfortable truth that you're terrified of the very intimacy you say you desire.

●

As a writer identified with the future, I'm sometimes asked, "What do you think will happen with AIDS in the next few years?"

I hesitate to answer. Because despite all the media attention, despite all the panic, I don't think people have really acknowledged how bad this disease might become.

My friend Linda works with AIDS patients now, and she is full of what she considers horror stories. People with AIDS being ostracised, fired from their jobs, abandoned by their friends and families, having warnings spray-painted on their apartment doors. She tells these stories with a great sense of human tragedy. The unfairness of it all. The inhumanity of man to man.

The media still talk about AIDS as if it were a civil rights problem, not a public health problem. But AIDS is a public health problem of massive and growing proportions. There is not only the problem of AIDS spreading, there is also the enormous cost of caring for what will soon be hundreds of thousands of dying patients.

Studies have shown that it is very difficult to motivate anybody to use a condom, either to prevent disease or to prevent pregnancy. Studies have also shown that people with AIDS — people who know they are dying, and who know they can infect others — do not abstain from sex, and frequently do not use condoms, either.

This means we have a difficult problem. How can we prevent people who already have AIDS from spreading their disease, since it seems to be difficult to get them to act responsibly on their own? What will we as a nation do to prevent the spread of this lethal disease? How far will we go? Forced quarantine? Incarceration? Internment camps for AIDS patients? Mercy killing? Roadblocks to do random spot-checks for AIDS? A black market in falsified AIDS test documents?

No one is yet willing to consider the full implications of this situation. But every time I hear some newscaster or group spokesman refer to AIDS as a plague, I think, *You don't know what a plague is. And you better hope that AIDS doesn't become a plague for our society as a whole, because civil rights will go right out the window if people become frightened enough. You think it's bad now, a few thousand people getting fired from work, a few kids being forced out of school? This is nothing, compared to what may be to come.*

Unless we are very, very careful. Each one of us, acting as individuals. We must all, gay and straight alike, proceed with great clarity of purpose, and with the most accurate information we can obtain. It's time to be compassionate but tough-minded, sensible but firm. Harsh realities must be faced. The disease must be stopped from spreading. Everybody's lifestyle must change in response to this threat. This is not the time to misunderstand issues of life and death by casting them in the '60s mould of civil rights, or in the '70s mould of sexual freedom. We're in the '80s and AIDS is forcing us to change our thinking and our conduct, whether we like it or not.

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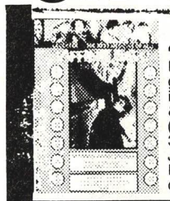

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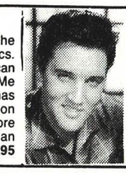

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primitive man

(continued from page 40)

" 'Masturbating saps a man's vitals,' " reads Sali.
" 'His very manhood is on the line. . . ' "

"YeaaaaaAAAAEEeee!" screams Bickie.

Before we met, Bickie had never had a conversation with a white person. Can you blame him?

"I'm dying for a pizza," I say.

"He worry there might be some truth in those old beliefs that masturbating sups — "

"Well, really, *sups*!"

" '— saps a man's vitals,' " reads Sali. " 'His very manhood is on the line every time he make love.' "

"Gee whiz," I say. "Is that true?"

"Joyce is telling us the truth," says Sali. "His manhood, you know."

"You mean Star Mountain men in New Guinea are like men in America?" I say.

Yes, there are moments when I wonder not only where I am and why I've swelled my knee to the size of a water bucket looking for primitive man, but whether my manhood too isn't on the line. It wouldn't surprise me.

"Men are men, everywhere," says Sali.

All I can say is the farther and farther we retreat from civilisation and the deeper and deeper we climb into the mountains, the gentler the people behave, and the more elegant, and the happier married. Men are like that perhaps. Perhaps it is civilisation that drives men crazy. I wouldn't put it past you.

●

Everything is wet. Everything is cold. Everything is slippery. You can't grab hold of the trees because they are covered with spikes. My boots won't stick on anything. My hands are bloody from grabbing the trees. My whole head is an organ of sweating. My body is freezing.

As for Sali and Bickie, they could survive a hail storm in the Arctic. I am succeeding, however, in getting in such a bad mood, my temperature is going up. Any other woman would throw herself in the mud and refuse to budge. Not I. The mountain itself could come down on me, and I would crawl on, snorting icicles and blaspheming creation. And when the sun comes out, I am going to curse it too.

I am taking my mirror out to see how thin my face is getting. Two days without food and working on the third, Well, well. I don't look so bad. Mud is caked in the creases of my neck, I have dirt hanging out my nose, my mouth is greenish-brown, my teeth are yellow, my left eye is black, I have mucus in both, my hair is sticking to my neck, vaseline is running down my forehead, and I am sweating like a pig. I don't look so bad. I don't understand it. While I have the mirror out, I may as well look at the backs of my thighs.

●

I've just seen the view. I may or may not be sitting on a brain-frying strip of a taro field on a hill above the village of Illunbil, about half a day from Munbil, close to the border. I can't see the village. I see the mountains. Here and there, mist. Three huts across the valley, a bush hut behind me. I am overlooking a garden of pineapples. My eyes won't focus. There is food growing around me. I can't move to get at it. Sali and Bickie have left me.

The walk may be over. My knee. The leg is swelled, my knee. The flesh on my feet is eaten away. Sali and Bickie have left me here, in the sun. The sun! If there is one thing I loathe it's the sun. The solar block I consume! I would inject it into my veins with the greatest pleasure.

Sali and Bickie are going down to the village to try and get some food. Find out where we are. They said they would be back before dark. I really can't move. I'm in the open out here. An easy shot. No water. I'm thirsty. I don't have much saliva left. . . Wait — is my paranoia completely out of control, or is somebody actually calling my name?

". . . and you don't have to worry about my orgasm, I took care of it before you got here."

Sali and Bickie are coming up the mountain. There is a procession behind them, 15, 20 people. They are all carrying food. They are singing and beaming with kindness. There must be 30 or 40 of them. Bananas! Corn!

"How do you do?" I scream.

"Matches! Matches!" says Sali, laughing.

"Yes, give them the matches!" I shout. "Give them the beads! Give them my lighter! How do you do? Give them the entire backpack. Oh! Tobacco!"

I try to stand.

"Careful, Jean," says Sali, softly.

"I'll be better by tomorrow!" I shout, and drop to the ground.

The people stop in shock, daintily moving only their eyeballs. But their faces grow tender when they see my feet. They are tiny individuals, gold-red-brown colored, elegant, reserved, the ladies in cloth skirts, and the men wearing nose quills and penis gourds.

"I just arrive and tell them," says Sali, laughing. "And this lady here [*pointing*] she ran and get kau kau."

"I'm so glad!"

I reach up and shake the lady's hand with such force, her whole thin little golden person vibrates.

●

I am not a serious person. My disposition is sunny. My vocation is to have a good time. I've chosen writing to make my money, and need hardly say running sores, a burning groin, causing an entire village to ejaculate in astonishment when I take off my hat, and these kinds of things are completely out of my sphere.

Afternoon. Two o'clock. Time to wash my feet. I hobble down to the stream. Sixteen or seventeen people come with me. "Sing for them, Jean," says Sali. "Make them laugh." I sing *Hark The Herald Angels*, and my listeners just lie on the ground and howl. I have come 13,000km, swum torrents, clawed up mountains, hacked through jungle, crossed through enemy territory, taught two innocent, brave men to swear like pimps in a bawdy house, and cut my legs to such ribbons that opaque pantyhose loom disproportionately large in my future, only to arrive in an Atbalmin village to entertain a clan of primitive men who live in paradise, hunting, raising pigs, and being very happy with their wives and children, and whose *real* lives I can't see, for as God is my witness, all they do is sit in the shade and stare at me in amazement.

●

I am within a couple of minutes of hobbling out of here with two not-so-bright, money-crazed Atbalmin ("from the trees") tribesmen I have hired from across the river, and the radio comes on. Julian, the commander of the Telefomin Rural Police, is sending in a plane. It will cost 520 kina ($540) to fly Sali, Bickie and me from Munbil to Telefomin. I say we'll go, if they will take my cheque.

Things couldn't be worse. They are going to take my cheque. There is only one pilot in New Guinea who knows where Munbil is and he is on Christmas vacation, so Julian says he, himself, is coming in with a young pilot and will show him the way through the mountains.

We are going to crash. No doubt of it.

●

The villagers are all standing on the meadow, deadly silent. Watching.

And here comes the plane!

The village is so excited! People are running around! The plane is huge! Dogs are barking. The pigs are galloping for the huts. Everybody is screaming for everybody to get back. We're all about a mile back. Oh! The plane is cutting very sharp to miss the back end of the mountain. God damn! Whooo! It's an enormous twin engine Otter. It's tilting very sharply. OH — CHRIST! Judas God. It almost crashed on the meadow. I am laughing hysterically. The roar of the engines is terrific. The entire village has broken into wild applause. The plane is taxiing up the meadow, the propellers are throwing up a great wind. It is circling. Whooo! Everybody is getting blown. Oh my lord, the plane door just opened. Not one, but three pilots are stepping off the plane. Oh Lord. A very tall pilot in reflectors and bush shorts is coming toward me!

●

It is dark. I hobble out of the tent to get some water. Something grips my foot. It climbs all around and *under* the flesh. I start to stumble. I put my hand on the ground, and it goes up my arm. I start screaming. Not screaming. But saying Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Sali comes out of the bush hut. He picks me up in his arms. He screams, I am screaming, and he carries me out of the grass and puts me down and turns on the flashlight. Small, hairy, shiny, blue-black spiders are burying themselves in our flesh.

No, it's not just a nightmare. It happened. At Illunbil. But I wake up in my apartment, with my dog on my chest in a hirsute ball, dreaming of it again.

Sali! Bickie! You had such an effect on me!

It was not your manly valor, or your physical courage, or your genius in fast water, or your primordial humor, or the polite way you turned your heads when I came down a mountain so you would not look up my skirt, or your innocent flatteries about my cooking, or the time you hauled me across the Dagiam river, or any of the other hundred million things you did to save my life and make me grow to love you and esteem you, no, it wasn't any of that.

It was something elemental, something about how you and I got along, something that changed my mind, something you taught me — that truly under this sky and upon this earth, men and women are truly meant to be together.

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BIG BUCK$

(continued from page 58)

NBL's Bill Palmer: "We were in the right place at the right time with the right product."

"There were a number of factors in the rise of basketball. We were in the right place at the right time with the right product. There has been a shift to family-type sport in comfortable surroundings which are close to the action and basketball lends itself to those requirements.

"Previously, it was a case of the boys together at the footy. Now there is more social pressure to include the wife, girlfriend and children, and that has helped basketball." The recruitment of talented American players such as Leapin' Leroy Loggins, James "Alabama Slamma" Crawford and Cal "The Black Pearl" Bruton has made an enormous impact on the game on and off the court. The Americans are the best players in the world and their athleticism and showmanship keep the turnstiles clicking. Black Americans, with their spectacular gifts of running and jumping, are the NBL's main attraction and provide the media with endless colorful quotes.

Imported from the USA, basketball received its first major impetus from the staging of the Olympic Games in Melbourne in 1956. However, it wasn't until 1964 that Australian basketball took a tentative step towards creating a national league with the establishment of the South-Eastern Conference in 1964. Unfortunately, the SEC, which included teams from Sydney, Melbourne, Newcastle, Wollongong, Canberra and Adelaide, and showed early signs of promise, collapsed in 1968.

Basketball was played in a negative atmosphere in the 1970s. The only centres where the game flourished were the established cities of Melbourne and Adelaide, until the establishment of the NBL in 1979. The brain-child of the president of the New South Wales Basketball Federation, Dr John Rashke, the NBL was the greatest boost the sport has ever received in this country.

A former Australian coach, Dr Rashke was greatly influenced by the Italian national league which he witnessed on tour with the Boomers in 1970. He called State officials together in 1978 to organise his grand scheme.

The first historic meeting was held at the Apollo Stadium in Adelaide. Subsequent gatherings took place at the Ansett Airline terminal in Sydney, which was indicative of the amateurish nature of the sport and symbolic of the great heights it would soon reach.

It was the far-sighted Canberra Mazda Cannons' program under the guidance of American coach Bob Turner which showed the way in the early 1980s. Turner, originally from California, was the consummate professional, even going as far as wearing a coat and tie to Cannons practice sessions.

When Turner arrived in Canberra from Newcastle in 1982 he set three goals for the Cannons: to make the NBL play-offs, which Canberra had not done since the inaugural season in 1979; to attract 4000 spectators to the National Indoor Sports Centre; and to create an awareness of basketball as a viable sport in Canberra.

The stadium's official name was a mouthful and Turner rechristened it "The Palace" in an attempt to make an impression on the public consciousness. When Turner had a poster printed advertising the Cannons' games at the Palace prior to the 1982 season, the printer told him no one in Canberra would know what the Palace was.

"They will," replied Turner firmly.

Canberra, which attracted an average crowd of 1100 spectators in 1982, set an NBL attendance record of 5426 in a play-off game against the North Melbourne Giants (formerly Coburg) in 1984.

And the Palace only had seating capacity for 3800! They were hanging from the proverbial rafters.

This record was eclipsed when the Brisbane Bullets and Nunawading Spectres opened Boondall in June 1986 in front of 5900 fans. Brian Kerle, one of the great promoter-coaches of the NBL, had taken the Bullets from Auchenflower to Boondall in the space of three years in one of Australian sport's great success stories.

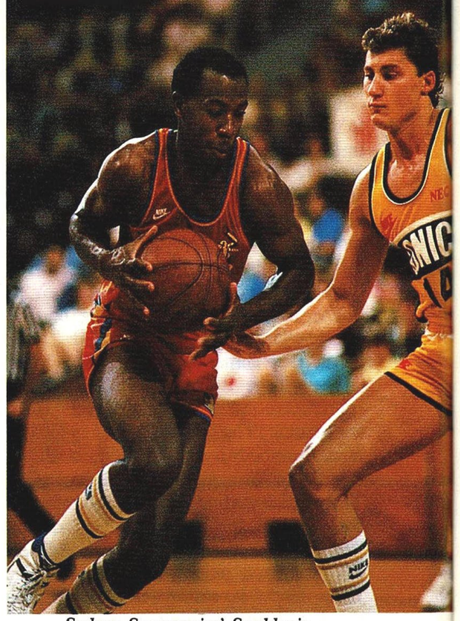
The NBL's new boom-town is Perth. Revitalised by the private ownership of wealthy builder Bob Williams, the Wildcats are the flavor of the month in the West. Just as Brisbane had learnt from Canberra's experience, Perth modelled its program largely on the Bullets. Perth's ebullient player-coach Cal Bruton, who helped popularise basketball in Geelong in the early 1980s, recruited a talented team and set about selling it to the media and sponsors.

Attendances at Wildcats games at the outdated Perry Lakes stadium grew from 1500 in 1986 to 5500 at the new Superdrome last year. Perth was gripped by basketball-mania. When the Wildcats returned home after defeating defending champions Adelaide West End 36ers in the semi-final series, they were mobbed by more than 2000 fans at the airport.

Incredibly, 26,000 people tried to buy tickets for game one of the 1987 grand final series against Brisbane and police were called to control the queues.

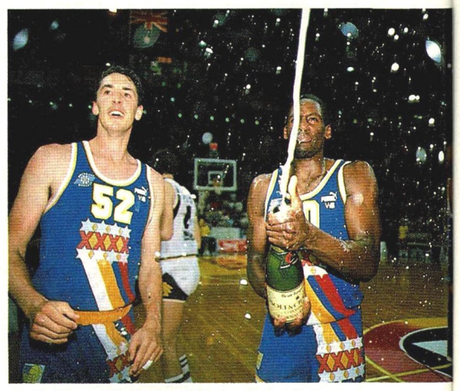
Meanwhile, only the lack of large facilities is keeping the lid on the basketball boom in cities such as Adelaide, Hobart and Wollongong. In fact, Wollongong City Council threatened to close down the Illawarra Hawks' stadium, the Snakepit, because 2500 fans were squeezing into an 1100-seat capacity venue.

However, despite the boom, basketball will not fulfil its destiny as a major sport in Australia until it captures Sydney and Melbourne. The majority of Australia's population lives in the south-east corner and the NBL must penetrate this enormous market to compete with the major codes. Melbourne has recorded significant growth in recent years, but support for the game is scattered over four clubs.

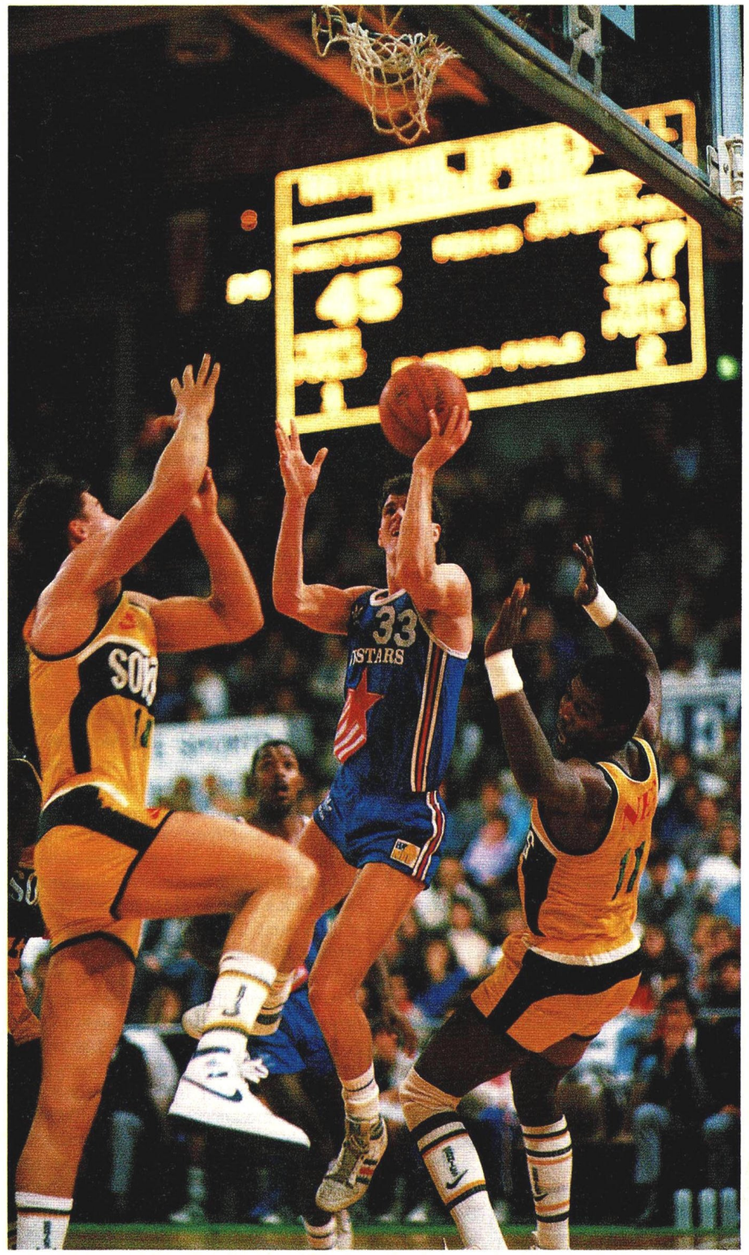


Sydney Supersonics' Svaldenis wrongfooted.

Strike up the band! 1987 final at Boondall.



Brisbane Bullets celebrate their victory.



Sydney Westars' Damien Keogh drives for the bucket, as Svaldenis tries to block.

The success of the NBL has been built largely on the one-city one-team concept and some tough decisions will have to be made in Melbourne. Sydney, which has struggled to attract crowds, has already made the necessary sacrifice: the Harbor city's two NBL teams, the Sydney NEC Supersonics and West Sydney Westars, have merged to form one powerful conglomerate to make a concerted attack on the football-dominated market. The success of the new Sydney program will play a vital role in the future of the NBL.

With the immense gains basketball has made in the past nine years, it is unlikely the game will stumble in the future. The league will probably expand in the next few years to include teams from the Gold Coast, Townsville and possibly Darwin or Alice Springs.

Bill Palmer foresees the day when two New Zealand clubs, representing the North and South Islands, will compete in a super Oceania league.

"I think we'll undergo a period of consolidation over the next few years," Palmer said.

"The spectacular gains we've made need to be cemented in."

CURSE

(continued from page 96)

the women, not even the young ones with their summer tans. Everyone talked about it: some had read the newspaper story, some had heard the story in town, and they wanted to hear it from Mitchell. He told it as often as they asked but he did not finish it because he was working hard and could not stay with any group of customers long enough.

He watched their faces. Not one of them, even the women, looked at him as if he had not cared enough for the girl, or was a coward. Many of them even appeared sympathetic, making him feel for moments that he was a survivor of something horrible, but when that feeling left him he was ashamed. He felt tired and old, making drinks and change, moving and talking up and down the bar. At the stool at the far end Bob drank coffee and whenever Mitchell looked at him he smiled or nodded and once raised his right fist, with the thumb up.

Reggie was drinking too much. He did that two or three times a month and Mitchell had to shut him off and Reggie always took it humble. He was a big gentle man with a long brown beard. But tonight, shutting off Reggie demanded from Mitchell an act of will, and when the 11 o'clock news came on the television and Reggie ordered another drink, Mitchell pretended not to hear him. He served the customers at the other end of the bar, where Bob was. He could hear Reggie calling: "Hey, Mitch, give me another, Mitch." Mitchell was close to Bob now. Bob said softly: "He's had enough."

Mitchell nodded and went to Reggie, leaned closer to him so he could speak quietly, and said: "Sorry, Reggie. Time for coffee. I don't want you dead out there."

Reggie blinked at him.

"Okay, Mitch." He pulled some bills from his pocket and put them on the bar.

Mitchell glanced at them and saw at least a $10 tip. When he ran up Reggie's tab, the change was $16.50, and he dropped the coins and shoved the bills into the beer mug beside the cash register. The mug was full of bills, as it was on most nights, and he kept his hand in there, pressing Reggie's into the others, and saw the sunburned young men holding her down on the floor and one kneeling between her legs, spread and held, and he heard their cheering voices and her screaming and groaning and finally weeping and weeping and weeping, until she was the siren crying, then fading into the night. From the floor behind him, far across the room, he felt her pain and terror and grief, then her curse upon him. The curse moved into his back and spread down and up his spine, into his stomach and legs and arms and shoulders until he quivered with it. He wished he were alone so he could kneel to receive it.

ARNOLD (continued from page 36)

I used to love washing my own laundry or cooking for myself or vacuum-cleaning the apartment.

mistakes along with your successes?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I'm sure I have. In retrospect, I can say I would have done a few things differently. But if you ask me have I ever lost money, no, I have been far away from ever losing money.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't it been relatively easy to make money on real estate these past 10 years?

SCHWARZENEGGER: People say you never lose money in real estate. That *is* the case if you invest wisely. But if you don't, things can fracture very quickly. There are developing situations that you're not always aware of: a change of leadership in the White House or the balance of Democrats to Republicans in the Congress. All these things create a swift change in the economy. So does the outbreak of war or a hostage crisis.

PLAYBOY: So you keep up with politics in order to be aware of these changes.

SCHWARZENEGGER: Oh sure. When the Iran crisis happened, I could foresee it and I pulled out in time. When the Shah was still in power, the Iranians invested in Los Angeles real estate. That drove up the real estate market tremendously. When Khomeini came in, he stopped all that. On top of that, a proposition to bring controls on real estate was introduced. In a short period of time, a building that was once worth a million dollars was down to $750,000.

Whenever a Democratic administration is in power, we in the real estate industry make more money. Real estate goes with inflation. Under Carter, real estate made the most money.

PLAYBOY: So you mustn't be too happy with Reagan on that score.

SCHWARZENEGGER: In the long run, what Reagan did was better for the country. You have to look at it in a less selfish way and say, "Do I want to make a quick buck now or do I want to have a stable economy for us and the next generation?" For me, Reagan was heaven.

PLAYBOY: How does this point of view go down with your in-laws the Kennedys?

SCHWARZENEGGER: They understand where I'm coming from and I understand where they're coming from. You have to understand my situation is quite different because I'm not really part of the family in the way that, say, Sargent Shriver is. He worked directly with them and had a working relationship with President Kennedy. My business — whether it is real estate business, or show business or whatever else I'm doing — is much more disconnected from the family.

PLAYBOY: Then you don't feel you have to live with — or explain — the Kennedy mystique?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Having known the family so well, I would say that the outside world analyses them in certain ways that are largely inaccurate. The whole dynasty trip and all that stuff that people put on them — none of that is the case. They are just very full of life, energetic people because that's the way they grew up.

PLAYBOY: Do your in-laws see your movies?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Sargent and Eunice see every one I make. And they immediately call me up to tell me what they think of it. They are very supportive and concerned for me to make the right moves.

PLAYBOY: What about the rest of the Kennedys? How would you assess them?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Teddy Kennedy — I admire what he does although I don't agree with his politics. I think he is the best in his field. Teddy Kennedy is one of the smartest about getting a bill through and dealing with other senators.

PLAYBOY: Is he as smart as his brothers?

SCHWARZENEGGER: He is as smart but he may not be as ambitious. He is the youngest and it is hard to have that ambition or make that effort when you are the youngest.

PLAYBOY: Did you admire President Kennedy?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Are you kidding? I loved Jack Kennedy. He combined the best of each party. He was a Democrat who did things like a Republican. He hired McNamara who was the head of an auto company to run the business of the government.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate the new generation of Kennedys?

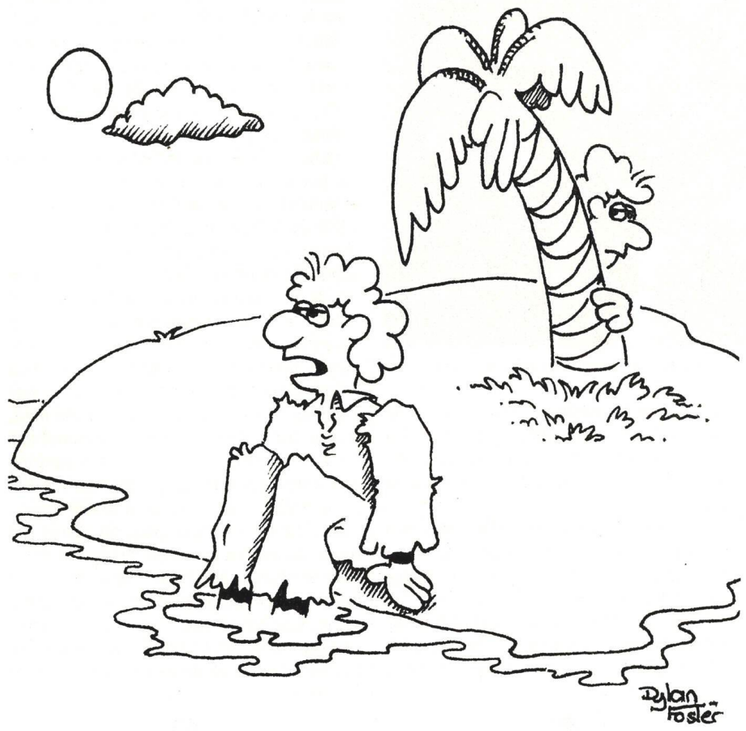
SCHWARZENEGGER: It's hard to say who will be the most successful. Certainly Maria and her brothers. The youngest brother has a great personality. Caroline Kennedy is very ambitious. She is going to law school now, and she wouldn't be putting herself through that shit if she wasn't ambitious. She's a great girl. Jackie is lucky to have two kids like that. She deserves all the credit for it because she raised them that way.

Bobby Kennedy Jr and his brother are very good. They have political ambitions and so does the girl Emily. She's very smart. I don't know the Smith kids or the Lawford kids at all to comment on them.

PLAYBOY: Despite your differences with Teddy Kennedy's politics, do you see much of him?

SCHWARZENEGGER: When Teddy comes to town he visits us or we have a small dinner for him. I also see him on family occasions or sometimes we go out to dinner. He calls Maria when he's coming to town.

PLAYBOY: But all in all, would you say the family has not changed your political views?



"I'm getting tired of playing Hide and Seek."

SCHWARZENEGGER: I'm too strong. I cannot be changed. My political point of view has been the same since I was 18. When I came to this country, I was in heaven because Richard Nixon was voted president and Reagan was governor of California. I said, this is great. This is right up my alley.

PLAYBOY: What about your views on women's rights? Your wife also has a very visible job; has that been a problem for someone with your old-fashioned views?

SCHWARZENEGGER: When I first came to this country, I still thought I would marry a woman who would take care of me and cook for me and take care of the house the way my mother did. That's what I knew and it worked well at home, so I thought that's exactly the way I would like it.

PLAYBOY: What changed your mind?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I lived here and went to school here and was exposed to new ideas. In body-building I saw women who wanted to get into the sport and were treated like second-class citizens. I felt it was very unfair. So, in the mid-'70s, I made a move to include women in body-building, even though it isn't my trip to see women with big muscles. But I appreciate their intentions. Sport is for all people, not just a certain sex. I learned that you have to look at women differently. It came very slow. But after being called a male chauvinist pig by every girl, I now understand the struggle of women.

PLAYBOY: Did marrying Maria help?

SCHWARZENEGGER: Of course. She's out there competing in a man's profession and I see how hard it is. And it adds to my life too.

PLAYBOY: Then explain this. You said at one point that you don't allow Maria to wear pants. Now, what's the story?

SCHWARZENEGGER: I hate pants. This is something I have inherited from my father. He despised pants and my mother was never allowed to wear them at home. We're talking about a different time period now when the man was much more the ruler of the house. But I still feel that way, and neither my mother nor Maria is allowed to go out with me in pants.

PLAYBOY: Is it true Maria gives *you* her buttons to sew on?

SCHWARZENEGGER: She doesn't do that anymore; she will have it sewn on by somebody. But she knows I *love* domestic work. I used to love washing my own laundry or cooking for myself or vacuum-cleaning the apartment. I really enjoyed it. When we have dinner at home, I will go and take the dishes away and rinse them off. Having lived alone so long I know if you leave dishes in the sink they get sticky and hard to wash the next day.

PLAYBOY: Funny, we never thought of you as being domestic.

SCHWARZENEGGER: You should see me iron shirts!

CEBERANO (continued from page 80)

I said to Malcolm McLaren, "Why are you using me? I'm so straight. I'm just not a naughty gal."

women, they had a certain mystery about them. They didn't talk about their emotional problems. They were practical and they had this kind of pact with other men. This fascinates women. With two older brothers I met a lot of interesting men. And then I met Stephen and he was perfect.

14.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you had your first major sexual experience?

CEBERANO: Fourteen. And I did it just so I could have it over and done with. I chose this faceless nothingness to do the job and then I felt I was able to choose who it was that I really liked and not feel embarrassed or uncomfortable or new. A lot of women play a submissive role. But there are some who like to be in charge, to call the shots. And that's the way I like to be. It was a big deal the first time. It turned out okay but I seem to recall it was a little dull.

15.

PLAYBOY: I guess you became sexually active about the time people were beginning to realise that AIDS and other newer and dangerous sexually transmitted diseases were a real threat to our health, to our lives even. My generation grew up in a climate of sexual liberation that came with the Pill and a general freeing up of attitudes but your generation is doing it hard.

CEBERANO: It's the age of morality coming back. I said to Malcolm McLaren, "Why are you using me? I'm so straight. I'm just not a naughty gal." And he said, "That's perfect, because any ambassador for morality at the moment is cool." And he's talking about being scot-free of drugs. And he's saying, "Let's get back to flirting. Let's create romance. Sex in the mind rather than heavy physical types of lust. Everyone's done all the Sex Pistols stuff. Promiscuity can only create disaster in this age at this time. You can't afford to do it. Just be proud you're a kind of strait-laced teetotaller." I said, "Thanks for the compliment."

16.

PLAYBOY: If you weren't a successful singer, what might you be doing with your life?

CEBERANO: I'd be a dancer. I've studied dance and I'm going back to flamenco dancing, studying traditional Spanish dancing which I love. It's so passionate. Now that equals good sex for me.

17.

PLAYBOY: Have you ambitions in the acting arena?

CEBERANO: Sure, but I'm not going to jump the gun on that one. I get a lot of scripts sent to me and they're getting better and better, and eventually I'll get the perfect one and maybe I'll be ready by then. I did a short film for television called *Arguing The Toss Of A Cat.* I play a singer but she's not really anything like me.

18.

PLAYBOY: What do you like best about yourself?

CEBERANO: Wow! [*long pause*] I like my ability to get up in the morning and go for a run. And my ability to give up smoking. My discipline is increasing. I like that in me as I'm growing older. I used to be very undisciplined, especially as a child. I hope in about six months that discipline will enable me to lose about a stone [6½kg] in weight and get back into dancing shape again.

19.

PLAYBOY: Does your weight bother you in terms of self-image?

CEBERANO: I've always had hips and a small waist and a big bust. Very Rubenesque. I did some modelling for sculptors as a kid and I've always been shapely. And that shape fluctuates madly. It gets bigger and smaller. In some ways it's very cuddly and warm and womanly and in other ways it's annoying because I see myself differently inside. I know I'm very sporty. I can do incredible things with this chunky body and I can move it. It's fast! But I wish it was a fraction more compact. But it's okay. I don't have a thing about it.

20.

PLAYBOY: You're 20. What do you think you're going to be doing at 25 and then at 30?

CEBERANO: I guess I'll be living in America at 25. I will have a child. I'm going to have a baby — I'm not pregnant now — I've just decided I'm going to have babies. And I'll be working. I wouldn't mind being into serious acting by then. I want to be working with incredible people. I had a taste of that in London, like I said, and then in Los Angeles I sang in a crusade for religious freedom and I performed with the likes of Al Jarreau, Julie McGuiness and Chic Corea. It was fucking brilliant. You know I'll always be crusading for a better place for us. Using music and the arts.

And when I'm 30, I won't wanna be here anymore. I will have done everything I want to.

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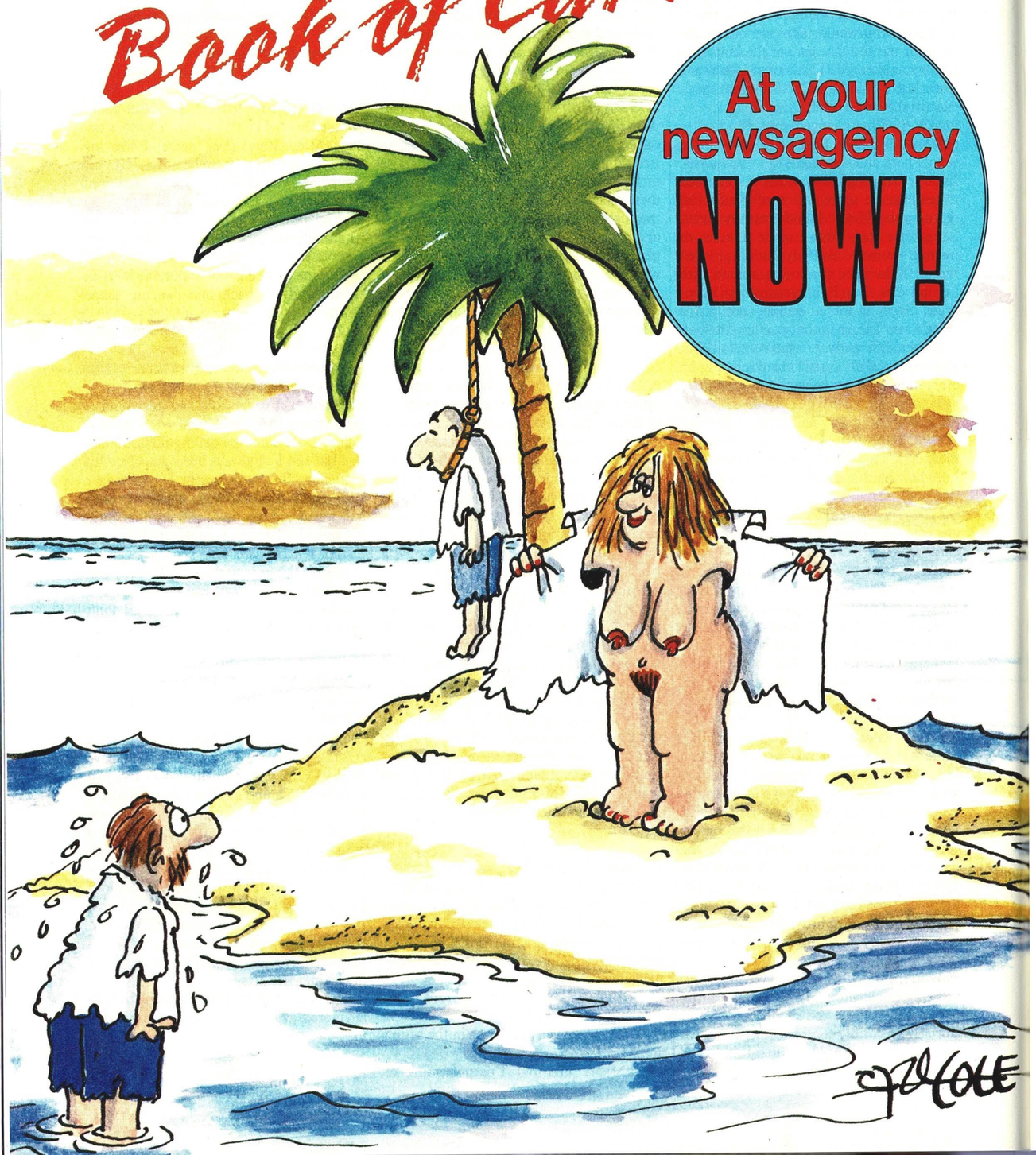


ON THE SCENE

What's happening where, and who's making it happen.

Compiled by Peter Olszewski

Getting Flushed

We've had designer jeans, designer sunglasses, even designer underwear, but now, for the man who has almost everything, we have designer toilets and bathroom accessories. Decorating the smallest room is now big business and modern renovators are keen to give the loo a totally new look.

One of Australia's biggest manufacturers of sanitary ceramics, Caroma, reports that sales are going through the roof because of the fad for turning a spare room into a bathroom and lavatory complete with spa and even bidet.

But the most unusual toilet ceramics are sold from a small toilet and bathroom boutique in East Melbourne, Alan Patrick Pty Ltd. Owner Alan Patrick is a sort of prince of porcelain — he and his family have been in toilets all this century. His grandfather arrived from Scotland in 1892 and bought the Shanks company which the family owned until 1960 when it was sold to Armitage.

Mr Patrick now specialises in importing artistic European toiletware and bathroom paraphernalia. He carries a line of tiles produced by a leading French artist, and he delights in stocking the madcap works of Irish sculptors Lynn and Ian Wright. Their man-reading-the-newspaper toilet is available for a mere $2491. Other items, including the rather eye-catching ceramic panties clock, are price on application. The boutique handles interstate orders for genuine buyers — phone or write for details.

Alan Patrick Pty Ltd. 11 Agnes St, Jolimont, Victoria 3002. Phone: 03 654 8288.

GETTING AROUND

Book Bandits

This is not a kinky sex show – this is how the Scientologists launch their books. In this case the book is *Fortune Of Fear* by L. Ron Hubbard.

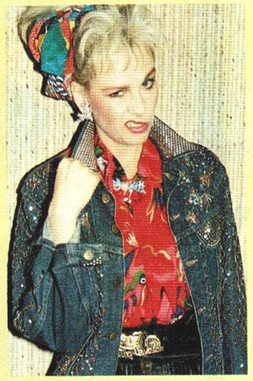
Daughter Of Deep Throat

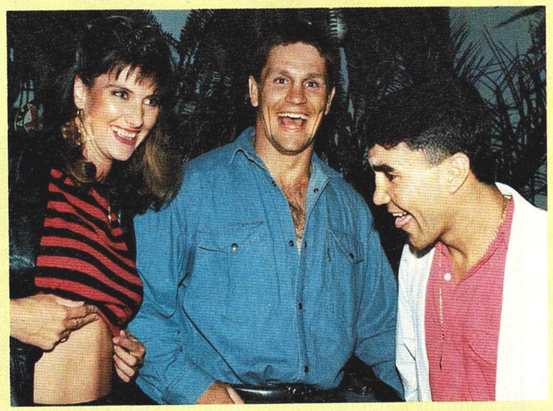
The long-awaited Deep Throat II video has been released in Australia and is doing big business. Briefly, the plot is that the late Lily La Rue (first played by Linda Lovelace) comes back to life in the body of her daughter, Laura Liplock (played by Krista Lane, pictured below). Laura's hubby is Senator Liplock who has formed the Liplock Commission On Pornography. Of course his wife is commissioned to battle censorship but keeps getting liplock thanks to mum's out-of-body in-Laura's-body awesome oral antics. Deep stuff, huh?

IMPERFECT MATCH: Perfect Match *star Kerrie Friend (above) with well-known session musician Rick Price. Rick seems to have some problems with, uh, being with it. What would* Perfect Match's *romantic robot Dexter say?* **PUNCH DRUNK:** *Funny gal Pamela Stephenson (below right) makes a fist for the camera. Perhaps her Harley Davidson belt buckle means she's really tough? One thing's for sure, she's a tough act to follow.*

CLIFF-HANGERS

TV production man George Cliff is an identity of sorts around Sydney, mainly for his habit of raging all night at clubs and taking funny photos of celebrities. His happy snaps weren't taken seriously until recently, and now many of the country's top magazines publish his shots. George has chosen three photos for Playboy which illustrate the damage his camera can cause.





STOMACH THIS: *Jeff Fenech checks out former Playmate Of The Year Ali Lynwood's tummy. He thinks it's yummy and Rugby League superstar Wayne Pearce agrees – even his eyes are wide open, which is rare because Wayne is usually snapped with his peepers half-shut.*

BACK ISSUES

ISSUE	PLAYMATE	INTERVIEW	SPECIAL FEATURES
JAN '84	Veronica Gamba	Mr Justice Michael Kirby	Joan Collins, Orson Welles
FEB '84	Penny Baker	John Farnham	Chappelli on Cricket Tactics
APR '84	Dona Speir	Derryn Hinch	The Betrayal of John Lennon
JUNE '84	Conie Pound	Peter Brock	Dick Smith, Grant Kenny
JUL '84	Tricia Lange	Ian Sinclair	Sex Therapy in Australia
AUG '84	Sigrid Ortner	Richard Neville	Death Of A Blues Brother
OCT '84	Kirsten Ottlewski	Shirley Maclaine	Cocaine, Tom Carroll
NOV '84	Debi Johnson	Gerald Stone	Girls Of Melbourne
DEC '84	Roberta Vasquez	Viv Richards	Michael Edgley, Men's Rights
JAN '85	Lisa Maher	Paul McCartney	Joe Bugner, The Great Pine Gap Con Job
FEB '85	Connie Dachs	Geoffrey Blainey	Single Man's Guide To Asia, Playmate Bloopers
MAY '85	Cindy Brooks	Austen Tayshus	Mark Jackson, The Girls Of Sydney
JUN '85	Elizabeth Aguilar	Boy George	Rat Race Diet, Greg Evans
JUL '85	Britta Hoppe	John Button	How To Live With A Woman
AUG '85	Andrea Engel	John Laws	The Making Of An Oz Porn Movie
OCT '85	Yvonne Jaeger	Brian Toohey	Australia's First Grand Prix
NOV '85	Shirley-Jane Mercier	Niki Lauda	Jerry Hall, Rosanna Arquette
JAN '86	Regina Wild	Tony Greig	Australia's Best Bars
MAY '86	Linda Dubbeldeman	Angry Anderson	Joe Bugner, Roy Masters
JULY '86	Natalie Maline	Jack Brabham	Linda Evans, Boris Becker
NOV '86	Claudia Muller	Phil Collins	Shannon Long
DEC '86	Donna Edmondson	Craig Johnston	Money Market Whiz-Kids
JAN '87	Laurie Carr	John Brown	Sydney Sisters, Playboy's Guide To The Good Life
FEB '87	Heidi Fuller	Don Johnson	Marilyn Monroe
MAR '87	Julie Peterson	Wayne Gardner	Tom Cruise, Maxine Legroom
APR '87	Chantal Aarts	Lionel Richie	Stephanie Beacham, Pam Burridge
MAY '87	Anna Clark	Bob Ansett	Special 100th Issue Of Australian Playboy
JUNE '87	Claudia Kopacka	Ion Tiriac	Felicity Collins — Playmate Of The Year
JULY '87	Patricia Frans	Gordon Elliott	Grace Parr, Michael J. Fox, Jenilee Harrison
AUG '87	Desiree Brown	Norm Gallagher	Night Life In The Age Of Aids

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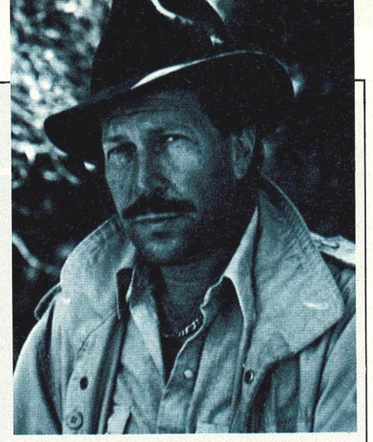
Getting Booked



Kinky Friedman posing as The Author.

THERE'S NO MYSTERY why many authors worth their pronouns are busy writing mystery thrillers — not only is a good thriller worth bucks in the bank, it's now also legitimate in the eyes of the literary establishment. Locally, look at Peter Corris. His little potboilers, starring Sydney-based hard-boiled private dick Cliff Hardy, cop up-market reviews and earn him good dollars.

Which brings us to the subject of the mysterious Kinky Friedman. You may well ask Kinky who? Country music aficionados know Friedman well for his sick songs (see Getting List column) and his fine band, The Texas Jewboys, but Kinky has now turned his hand to writing mystery thrillers — his first book, *Greenwich Killing Time,* was enthusiastically reviewed and earmarked for filmic fortune courtesy of Universal Films. Now his second tome, *A Case Of Lone Star,* has hit the stands.

Oddly enough, there seems to be an Australian connection with this book. Friedman has befriended several Aussie journalists including the legendary humorist and papal biographer James Oram, and according to another of Friedman's Aussie acquaintances, Melbourne gossip columnist David Dawson, Oram is cast in the book as a "suave, jet-setting tourist". (Huh! Suave?)

However, Oram's supposed presence in this book is a mystery to me. I failed to find mention of him, nor did I find a tourist he even vaguely resembled. But Friedman, who does have a rather unhealthy fascination with unseemly journalists, uses lots of writers and journos as characters in the book. Many of these characters are off-the-wall types but none measure up to the high standards of shenanigans set by Oram. In fact the only recognisable scribe's name in the book is Chet Flippo, the US music writer. He's cast as himself and is a suspect in the book's murder case.

But while there's some mystery about Oram's role in the book, there is no mystery as to why Friedman is getting the nod as a writer. He's good. He's also immodest, casting himself as the book's lead character and hero.

The book's plot is cunningly intertwined with New York's weirdo country music scene and, very basically, the plot is this: country singers start getting bumped off in the night. Before each murder the victim receives a note containing some lines from songs by the immortal Hank Williams and the song lines hint at the method of the impending death.

Kinky and his mad mates realise they are dealing with a psychopathic killer who thinks he is Hank Williams and is killing off warblers who might threaten his status as C&W supremo.

Hey, this guy Kinky Friedman, this writer of cowboy songs with stupid titles, writes a damned good book. Read him.

A Case Of Lone Star: A Novel By Kinky Friedman. Published by Beach Tree Books. Available mail order only, $33.95, through Ruth Walls Books, PO Box 382, Paddington NSW 2021. Phone: (02) 331 3377, 33 4982.

Getting Fact

- ***If Barbie the doll was a real woman her measurements would be 39-21-33.***
- ***Breeds of dogs whose bites are worse than pit bull terriers: chow chows, german shepherds and rottweilers.***
- ***Ages of comic heroes: Dick Tracy, 56; Brenda Starr, 47; Mickey Mouse (comic strip), 59; Buck Rogers, 59; Superman, 49; and Batman, 48.***
- ***Number of suicides on death row in America since 1973: 20.***

Getting List

The 10 crassest, rudest and most stupid country music song titles:

1. ***They Ain't Makin' Jews Like Jesus Anymore*** — Kinky Friedman (who is Jewish).
2. ***Get Your Biscuits In The Oven And Your Buns In The Bed*** — Kinky Friedman (who likes biscuits).
3. ***Ride 'Em Jewboy*** — Kinky Friedman (who allegedly lasts long in the saddle).
4. ***Waitress, Please Waitress, Come Sit On My Face*** — Kinky Friedman (who isn't averse to waitresses).
5. ***I Might Be Going Out With The Shrimp Boats, Mama, But I'm Comin' Home With The Crabs*** — Kinky Friedman (who has a whale of a time).
6. ***How Can I Love You When You Won't Lie Down?*** — Chuck Wagon And The Wheels.
7. ***I Made Linda Lovelace Gag*** — David Alan Coe.
8. ***If I Said You Had A Beautiful Body, Would You Hold It Against Me?*** — The Bellamy Brothers.
9. ***When I'm Under The Table I'll Be Over You*** — Earl Thomas Conley.
10. ***I Knew The Bride When She Was Just A Moll*** — Kevin Bloody Wilson.

NEXT MONTH

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: **CHARLES PERKINS** LOOKS BACK IN ANGER AND FORWARD TO DEATH.

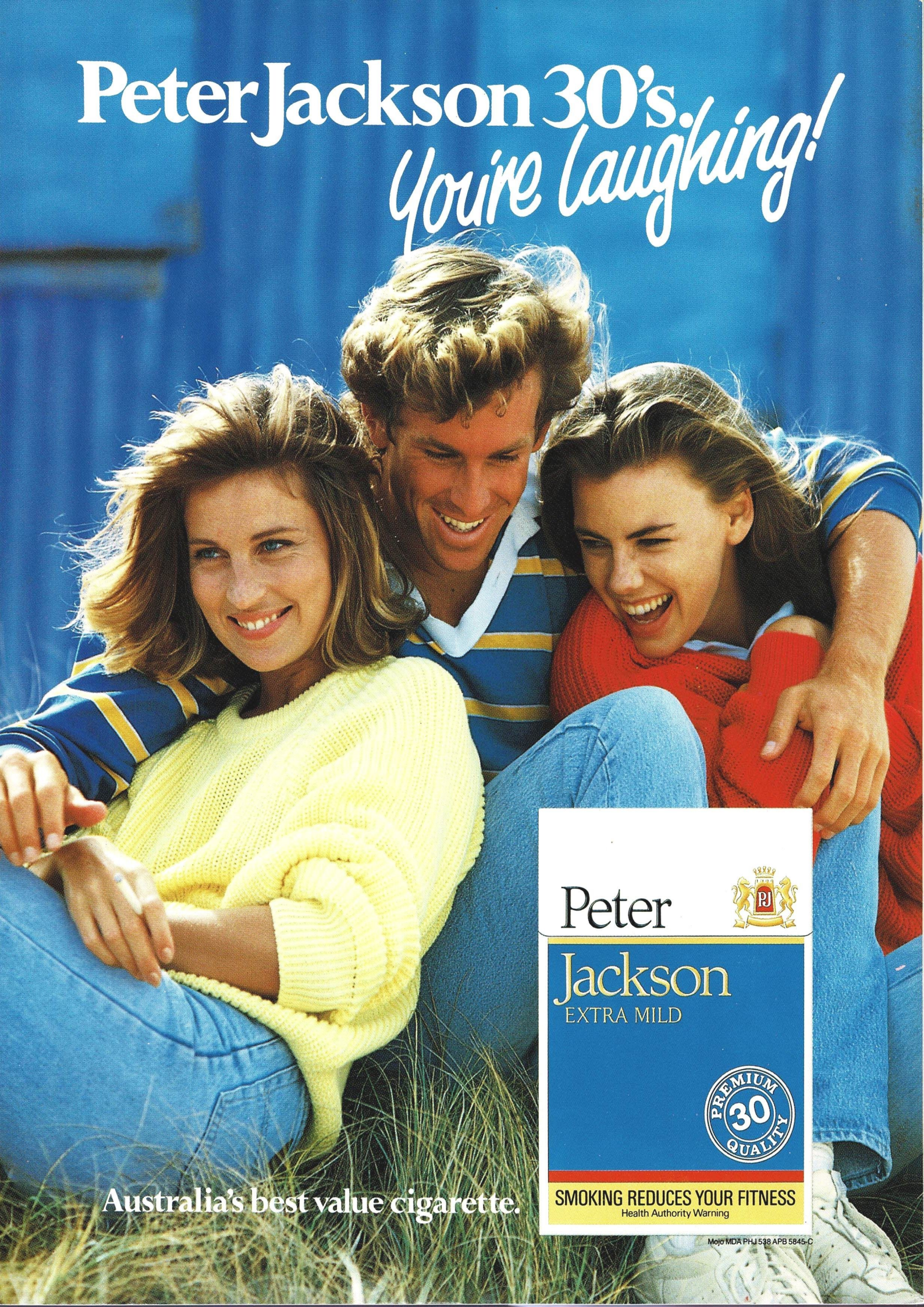
WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP **MIKE TYSON** TELLS WHY HE'S NO CHUMP. AND YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE HIM.

BARNES STORMING: ROCKER **JIMMY BARNES** SAYS: " I AIN'T NO AUSTRALIAN BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN."

THOSE LUSTY, BUSTY (AND OH, SO BRITISH) **PAGE 3 GIRLS.** *AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY* SHOWS YOU WHAT AUSTRALIA'S MOST DARING NEWSPAPERS DON'T DARE SHOW YOU.

BABY DOLL: SET TO BREAK NEW RECORDS. STEP ASIDE, SAMANTHA FOX — AUSTRALIA'S HOTTEST DANCER IS ABOUT TO BLOW YOU OFF STAGE.

Baby Doll



Mojo MDA PHJ 538 APB 5845-C